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THE HYMN

“Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By”

ITS HISTORY

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

EMMA F. R. CAMPBELL

M. E. MUNSON, Publisher
77 BIBLE HOUSE
New York

PS 1252
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1909

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DEDICATION

To the Memory of

MY MOTHER

WHOSE LOVING ASPIRATION FOR HER CHILD

WAS THE INSPIRATION OF ALL THAT IS WORTHY IN THESE

LIFE THOUGHTS

THE HISTORY OF THE HYMN

“Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By”

“He who voices the thought of the Christian heart in a hymn which becomes familiar in the songs of the church of Christ, is sure of being held in grateful memory.”

S. S. TIMES.

“I believe that I would rather be the author of one good hymn than of anything else in the world, unless it be *sunshine.*”

E. S. PHELPS.

Very wonderful it seems to the author of the simple lines entitled “Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By,” that such honor should have fallen so unexpectedly upon her. Written merely as a metrical description of impressive scenes passing around her, it was farthest from her thought or intention that they should ever be used as a hymn, and be sung with marked effect in just such gatherings as those that suggested them. “Verily it is the Lord’s doing and is marvelous in our eyes.”

The history of the hymn has often been asked for and given incorrectly by compilers of hymns with their origin. It is briefly this: In the Spring of 1864 a remarkable religious awakening

occurred in Newark, N. J.—the writer's birth-place and residence at that time—in connection with the services of the Rev. E. P. Hammond. All classes of the community felt its power, and the largest churches and halls of the city were crowded day and night by eager, earnest men and women, and children as well.

Among those to whom such scenes were new, and who for the first time realized in her own experience the irresistible power of the Holy Spirit in revealing the fullness and freeness of salvation through Christ, was a young Sabbath School teacher whose heart was deeply moved by seeing one after another in whom she was interested become subjects of the Spirit's influence.

At one of the services the topic was the Gospel story of blind Bartimeus, who asking what the noise of the multitude following Jesus meant, was told, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Some very impressive comments on the passage were made by Mr. Pardee, the well-known Sabbath School worker of that day, and others, and much deep feeling was manifested. Under the effect of this stirring application of the Scripture instance of Christ's compassion for and ready help to the needy ones thronging His earthly pathway, the verses beginning, "What means this eager, anxious throng," were suggested and written as descriptive of the similar scenes occurring in our streets, with the hope that such a presentation of the fact of Christ's presence in our midst, ready and able to save, might reach some souls un-reached by the meetings. They were sent to a

local paper and to the Sunday School Times, and as soon as they saw the light were immediately taken by Mr. Hammond and added to a collection of hymns he was about to publish called "New Praises of Jesus," set to the tune of "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and were so used by him in subsequent meetings. Very soon, however, a new tune was written for what had now become a popular hymn by the lamented Gospel singer and composer, P. P. Bliss, and published in his collection of "Gospel Songs." But this tune did not prove popular, and another was composed by T. E. Perkins, which is the one given in the Gospel Hymns and sung so effectively by Mr. Sankey in Evangelistic meetings all over the world. The verses were first published over the signature of "Eta," a nom-de-plume chosen by the writer from the Greek alphabet, which accounts for its appearance in the earlier hymn-books as by "Miss Eta Campbell." In later editions of the Gospel Hymns the error has been corrected.

In reviewing the record of this simple production of her pen the author of "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By" is overwhelmed with grateful surprise that it should have been accorded by the Master such an honored place among the agencies at work for Him, and accepted by the Holy Spirit as a medium of His power in awakening souls and winning them to the one Saviour of the world. Unquestionably it was started on its mission by the impressive rendering of the soulful Christian singer, Ira D. Sankey, and that

much of its usefulness is due to his appreciation of its possibilities, and his intensity of desire to make it effective in touching sin-burdened hearts and leading them to the waiting Healer. And who that has heard him sing this hymn or any other can ever forget the tender, earnest tones of that persuasive voice, or wonder that the words should retain to all future time the echo of the thrill thus imparted to them.

Very many instances have been related of the wonderful effect of this hymn as sung by Mr. Sankey at the great revival services of the two greatest evangelists of the last century. I can only mention a few. One writer, the Rev. Duncan Morrison of Canada, who has written sketches of some remarkable hymns, says he can never forget the scene he once beheld in Glasgow, Scotland, when a congregation of three thousand souls were moved by the thrilling tones of that master of sacred song as he sang:

“Too late! too late! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!”

“The latent wail that for the moment rose to the surface,—the revelation of possible despair at the gates of that strange other world to which we are hastening”—was irresistible. In a book by Rev. Dr. Boyd recounting the remarkable career of Moody and Sankey in Great Britain, many incidents are told of the use and effect of this hymn in the immense gatherings in the great cities. In Belfast, at an open-air meeting held for the mill workers, where it was estimated from

ten to twenty thousand were gathered, Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By" in his tender, touching style. "While he was singing I could observe in the glistening eye and the deep sighs of those around me that it was even so." In Dublin, after one of the crowded meetings, an old man of seventy threw himself on his knees sobbing as he said, "I was utterly careless about my soul till last night, but have been so unhappy since I could not sleep. I seemed to hear ringing in my ears 'Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By,' and if I don't get saved now, I never shall." In Manchester, Eng., a band of workers was organized to visit every house with a card bearing on one side this hymn, and on the other a short address by Mr. Moody on the text "Behold I stand at the door and knock." At one of the meetings in Philadelphia it is said by one who was present, "As Mr. Sankey was singing this hymn, his voice in the lines 'Ho! all ye heavy laden come,' and afterward 'Too late! too late! will be the cry,' became so low, broken, full of pity, and clear withal that dozens of people half rose from their seats and bent forward toward the stage as if by magnetic attraction."

The key-note of its popularity thus given by Mr. Sankey, and the appropriation of it to His special use by the Holy Spirit, the use and effect of this hymn has not been confined to the large assembly or the magnetic tones of one consecrated voice. In smaller gatherings all over the world and even in the home circle it has proved its

mission of soul awakening and hope inspiring power. One instance from many that have come to the knowledge of the writer is peculiarly touching to her. A condemned murderer heard it sung at the religious exercises held in the prison, and was strongly impressed and led to accept the hope of pardon through a merciful Saviour. During the last days of his life he frequently asked to have it sung; and the day before his execution requested that it might be sung the following Sunday, saying, "Who knows that I may not hear it. If not, it may touch the heart of some other poor fellow as it has mine."

But perhaps nothing in the record of this hymn has brought more real joy and gratitude to the heart of the author than the fact that it is sung by converted heathen in the far lands of India, Syria and other foreign mission fields. A missionary friend in India wrote of having heard it sung by a congregation of five or six hundred natives in their own language—the Marathi—with thrilling effect. She very kindly had a copy of it transcribed for the writer from their hymn-book by a Hindoo pundit—a reproduction of which is appended to this sketch.

Such is the surprising history of this simple production. It is but an illustration of God's wonderful way of using the humble, obscure forces of Christian life and thought to accomplish His great designs—"the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Written in an hour of spiritual fervor, unconscious of any special inspiration, with no attempt at poetic

imagery, or a thought that it would live beyond the time and occasion that suggested it, the result has proved that the impulse that moved the heart and the pen was divine; and therefore the hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By," belongs only to Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, to whom with the Father, who giveth gifts to the children of men, be all the glory.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY"

Luke xviii : 34.

I

What means this eager, anxious throng
Pressing our busy streets along?
These wondrous gatherings day by day,
What means this strange commotion, pray?
Voices in accents hushed reply
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

II

E'en children feel the potent spell
And haste their new-found joy to tell.
In crowds they to the place repair
Where Christians daily bow in prayer,
Hosannas mingle with the cry
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

III

Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

IV

Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones where'er He came
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame.
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

V

Again He comes—from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He pauses at our threshold, nay,
He enters, condescends to stay!
Shall we not gladly raise the cry
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

VI

Bring out your sick and blind and lame,
'Tis to restore them Jesus came;
Compassion infinite you'll find
With boundless power in Him combined.
Come quickly while salvation's nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

VII

Ye sin-sick souls, who feel your need,
He comes to you, a Friend indeed;
Rise from your weary, wakeful couch,
Haste to secure His healing touch;
No longer sadly wait and sigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

VIII

Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

IX

Ye who are buried in the grave
Of sin, His power alone can save;
His voice can bid your dead souls live,
True spirit-life and freedom give.
Awake! arise! for strength apply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

X

But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for mercy spurn.
Too late! too late! will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

नाजोरी येशू चालला.

१. “हा कोण मोग समुद्रय ?
हे फार लोक उन्हे काय १०
ते कां ऊसुक दिसती ?
कां अळा वेगे चालती ?
अरोक्ती झाली, पाहिला ?
नाजोरी येशू चालला.”

२. “हा येशू कोण ? कसा ते
लोकां सहज उगेढिलो ?
प्रवासी दिसे, कसा यां
समर्थ तो मनावाया ?”
सुकारा हाति ऐकिला
नाजोरी येशू चालला.”

३. येशूने देह धरिला,
जनांचा, भार याहिला,
सुरवी शक्ति उशळाकां,
आरोग्य देई फाउतां,

故也。子曰：「君子之過也，如日月之食焉。過也，人皆見之；更也，人皆仰之。」

LATIN TRANSLATION.

By REV. DUNCAN MORRISON, M.A.

Quid sit hæc appetens turma,
Tam circumfusa, anxia—
Istæ mirabiles turbæ
In dies viis et urbe?
Suppressa voce plebs spondet:
“Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.”

Quis este Jesus? Is quare
Perturbat urbem tam mire?
An advena possit imo
Volente cire eam quando?
Deinde vox rursum spondet:
“Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.”

Jesus! qui semel habitans
Nobiscum, morbos et ferens
Sanavit ægros populi,
Peccatum abtulit mundi;
Deinde vox cæci spondet:
“Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.”

Is rursus venit! Et passim
Descernimus vestigium;
Stat ad limen; intrat immo
Ut habitet nobis—templo!
Hinc lætus populus spondet:
“Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.”

O onerati et fessi,
Hic domus, quies, lux cordi;
Errantes omnes ab Patre,
Infirmi omnes fugite
Asylum; usque vox spondet:
“Jesus Naz'renus nunc transit.”

Sin ista res inutilis
Habetur, amor et talis;
Abvertet cito; tum magni
Plorates omnes irriti;
Oh nimis serum, vox erit,
“Jesus Naz'renus transiit.”

OTHER VERSES

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PULSES OF INNER LIFE

“NOT UNTO US.”

Suggested upon hearing that some simple lines of the writer's had been found, pinned in the Bible of a dear young Christian girl after her death.

Not unto me, nor mine,
Be praise for aught of good I may have done
By hand or tongue throughout these earthly days;
Mine be the grateful joy, Thine all the praise,
Giver of every gift or grace! alone
All glory shall be Thine!

If any *deed* of mine
Hath helped a brother on Life's weary way,
Lightened, if but a jot, his heavy load,
Removed one stone of stumbling from his road,
Father, I thank Thee! Thine the power alway,
The glory shall be Thine.

If any *word* of mine
Hath chanced to fall with helpful tenderness
On throbbing heart, or led one thirsty soul
To Elim's springs to drink and be made whole,
I thank Thee for the blessing thus to bless;
All glory shall be Thine.

If any *thought* of mine,
Wafted afar upon the white-winged page,
Hath found unsought a silent ministry
Of comfort or of loving sympathy,
Some patient suff'rer's death-pangs to assuage,
The glory shall be Thine.

If any *song* of mine,
Though but in faltering cadence sung,
Hath caught the ear above Earth's dreary din,
And cheered the wayside toiler, or hath been
A saving charm around some wanderer flung,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.

If this poor *life* of mine
Shall in the smallest measure help to make
This world the better for its living, so
That dying, I not unremembered go,
Lord, through eternity my praises take,
All glory ever Thine.

MY NEED.

Lord, I have need of *patience*, grant it me;
Patience to bear the ills I can't remove;
These vexing cares, this oft infirmity,
And tasks which for my strength too heavy prove.

Lord, I have need of *meekness*, grant it me;
I fain would do great things for God and man,
And fret because I cannot. Let me be
Content to do the little that I can.

Lord, I have need of *courage*, grant it me,
Bravely to fight though well nigh overcome.
To falter not, though dark the way may be,
And hedged with thorns each step that leads me home.

Lord I have need of *wisdom*, grant it me,
Wisdom to know and do Thy will aright;
To choose Thy way, when doubtful I may be
Which path will lead me out into the light.

Lord, I have need of *faith*, Oh grant it me!
Faith to take hold of unseen things and rest
Quiet amid the storm, though fierce it be,
As trusting child upon its father's breast.

Lord, 'tis *Thyself* I need, then shall I be
Patient and meek and strong to do or bear;
Then shall I know and trust, if Thou in me
Abide, and I Thy faultless image wear.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

Not with the blinding light
That struck the impious Saul in terror to the ground;
Nor with the voice of might
That called dead Lazarus forth, waked from his sleep
profound;
Not with the startling roll
Of Sinai's thunders, with their mystery and awe,
Crushing the conscious soul
Beneath the dread revealings of an unkept law;

But with a voice so small
'Twas scarcely heard amid earth's busy toil and din,
To me came Mercy's call—
To me, a wandering sheep, lost in the wilds of sin—
So gentle was its tone,
I would not list nor heed. "Sure it is naught," I said,
"Naught but my heart alone,
Quickened with foolish fear it beats with louder tread."

But yet it came and came—
Through the still chamber of my soul its whisper mild
Tenderly called my name
And said "Why will you die? I died for you, my child."
At length, aroused, I cried
"Who art Thou, Lord? and why to me so wondrous
kind?"
Quickly the voice replied
"I am the Shepherd who my straying lamb would find."

O sweetest voice of love!
Could stoutest heart of rock withstand Thy melting tone,
Or coldly fail to move
With penitence? "Dear Lord!" I cried, "behold Thine
own."

Now with an ear attent
I list with joy the still small voice within my breast,
Blest Guide and Teacher sent
By Love, henceforth to be my dear, abiding guest.

Speak to me ever, Lord,
In accents low and sweet; let earth's turmoil be still.
That every tender word
Of Thine my spirit's inmost depths may quickly thrill.

CONSECRATION.

(After reading the Memorials of F. R. Havergal.)

"All for Jesus!" Oh, to know
Such unbounded zeal below!
Consecration so complete,
Self laid down at Jesus' feet!

All for Jesus! not a part,
Soul and body, brain and heart;
Day by day my all to bring
To the service of my King.

All my powers in sweet accord
With my Master's will and word;
Not a thought or wish my own,
My whole being His alone.

His to govern, His to guide,
His to use or cast aside;
His own messenger to be
Of His grace so rich and free—
Or, His purpose to fulfill—
His to suffer and be still.

Oh, can I this height attain
Over earth and self to reign?
Lifted on the wings of love,
Serve as do the saints above?

Lord, the secret power impart,
Kindle in this languid heart
This faint spark of warm desire
To a flame of holy fire.

Grant me, Saviour, thus to know
All Thy will as mine below;
Take me, hold me, let me be
Wholly consecrate to Thee.

Here with Jesus sanctified,
There with Jesus glorified;
All to Jesus to belong,
"All for Jesus!" be my song!

WATCHING FOR SOULS.

To watch for souls! this is the Christian's task,
His life-work here below;
With earnest faith and an untiring zeal
His Master's love to show.

As the lone sentinel his vigil keeps
In watch-tower by the sea,
To save the lost and guide the storm-tossed home,
So must the Christian be.

Or as the husbandman with patient care
Scatters the early grain,
And watches till the springing blade and ear
Rewards his toil again.

Thus let me watch and wait while life shall last
Let me not weary be;
But ever sow the seed though in this world
No harvest comes to me.

Since when the final reaping-day shall come,
I may astonished find
Some little sheaf among the wheat, perchance,
I may have helped to bind.

THE TEACHER'S SATURDAY NIGHT PRAYER.

Weary of worldly thought,
Of Earth's perplexing care,
My longing soul this night would find
Refreshment, Lord, in prayer.

Help me to lay aside
The business of the week,
And with new consecration now
Thy blessing humbly seek.

Oh purify my heart
From every sinful trace;
And grant me in Thy love, dear Lord,
A Sabbath robe of grace.

Prepare me for my work,
That with to-morrow's light
I may go forth with earnest zeal
To labor in Thy might.

Oh make me wise to win
Some precious soul to Thee;
Teach me, that I Thy word may teach
As for Eternity.

Too oft my spirit, Lord,
Is tempted to despair
So little fruit from scattered seed
Rewards my toil and care.

And yet I surely know
Thy Truth can never fail.
Though buried long 'twill rise at last
And mightily prevail.

Inspire my heart with faith
And strength to labor on
Through doubt and weariness until
The victory is won.

PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT.

How long, O Lord, must still delay
The coming of the harvest day?
In weariness we wait and pray,
 O Holy Spirit, come!

With hope deferred our hearts are worn,
Faith falters watching for the morn;
Sin triumphs while we sit forlorn,
 O Holy Spirit, come!

These human efforts, ah how vain!
How hopeless all our care and pain
Without Thy gracious, quickening rain,
 O Holy Spirit, come!

For Paul may plant with wisest care,
Apollos all his labors share,—
'Tis naught unless Thy power is there;
 O Holy Spirit, come!

In various soil we sow the seed,
With earnest faith and patient deed;
Yet waiting seems our only meed.
 O Holy Spirit, come!

We wrestle with a stronger will,
Work as we may, 'tis ready still
To crush the good with might of ill;
 O Holy Spirit, come!

The work is Thine to change the heart
And to dead souls new life impart;
To bid the demon Sin depart;
 O Holy Spirit, come!

Come bring at last the promised hour
When buried Truth shall bud and flower;—
Seed sown in weakness, raised in power—
 O Holy Spirit, come!

THE CALL TO UNITED PRAYER FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

October 20, 21, 1872.

From o'er the sea came the Muezzin call,—
A loud appeal to Christ's disciples all—
“To prayer! To prayer! let every heart and tongue—
To supplicate God's blessing on the young—
Join us in prayer.”

From lip to lip passed on the earnest word,
And heart to heart in quick response was stirred;
With hand in hand Christians of various creed,—
Ever a brotherhood in such a deed—
Gathered for prayer.

Far in the North amid the early snow,
In the far South where tropic breezes blow,
Here where the russet leaf of Autumn shows,
From shore to shore, like clouds of incense, rose
United prayer.

The weary teacher faltering in his task
Looks up with hope as fellow-toilers ask
God's blessing on his work; and with new zest
Resolves with faith to labor on—refreshed,
Strengthened by prayer.

The careless scholar, far from God astray,
Pauses to hear two lands unite to pray
For such as he; and roused to a new sense
Of guilt and danger, bows in earnest penitence
To join the prayer.

Dear Lord! let not Thy people pray in vain,
Oh send us speedily a gracious rain;
Water the seed long sown, let it now spring
To life, a glorious fruitage bring,
Answer our prayer.

MY WILL AND THINE.

Lord, I'd gladly do for Thee,—
Work with earnest heart and will,
Foremost in the ranks of those
Who Thine earthly vineyard till.

I would spend my utmost strength
Doing daily tasks for Thee;
Counting weariness and loss
Joy, so I Thy glory see.

But *my will* to do is crossed
Often by a stronger will;
Mid my toil, a voice divine
Bids me suffer and be still.

As a captive bird I pant,
Fret and flutter to be free;
Mourn, as round me undone tasks
Wait *my doing* hopelessly.

On my strength a hand is laid,—
Sinking helpless in the dust,
'Neath a weight of weakness bowed,—
I can only wait and trust.

Is my work so little worth?
Hast Thou, Lord, of me no need?
Can Thy vineyard all be tilled
With no help of mine, indeed?

Lord, then give me grace to lie
Passive as a child at rest;
If by suffering patiently
I can glorify Thee best.

A LESSON.

I learned an earnest truth to-day
As through the city street
I hastened with a troubled heart
And quick impatient feet.

A little child, blindfolded, crossed
The crowded, slippery mart,
Where prancing steeds and rattling wheels
Might shake the stoutest heart.

But in that happy, careless face
There was no sign of fear,
For though she could not see his smile
She *felt* her father near.

His arm of love enfolded her,
She knew the pressure mild;
And knew he'd shield from every harm
His little helpless child.

And so with sweet confiding faith
She lightly tripped along
The dark and treach'rous road, without
A fear of going wrong.

And all the while the father bent
Upon his sightless child
A pitying smile, and the rough way
With tender words beguiled.

Ah! me! I thought, and is it thus
My Father leadeth me
Along the tangled maze of life
Where not a step I see?

And does His strong and loving arm
As tenderly enfold
His weary child who faints amid
The darkness and the cold?

O thou of little faith; why then
Thus falter and complain
Because thou canst not see the way
Which is to Him so plain?

Why thus so sadly count thy woes
And think thyself alone;
When thy sure Comforter and Guide
Is the Almighty One?

Dear Father, help me to believe
And feel Thee ever near.
Oh draw me closer to Thy side
That I Thy voice may hear.

And let me calmly lean on Thee
When cares and crosses come;
Knowing Thine own most loving hand
Will safely lead me home.

SATISFIED.

O questioning soul! be still;
Calm these vain longings for unbounded lore
Which thy weak powers so weary and perplex;
Rest thee and wait until
The promised morning dawns when thou no more,
Linked to this heavy clay, thy faith shall vex
With mysteries untried—
Thou shalt be satisfied.

O unsolved doubts! O things
Hard to be understood by mortal mind!
How will your phantoms vanish in the light
Infinite morning brings!
The problem of my life, so strangely blind
To human reason—dark to mortal sight,
Then well descried,
I shall be satisfied.

Be patient then, my soul!
Search meekly after truth, and be content
With such a measure as God gives His own;
Till at thy destined goal,

The mystic veil before thy vision rent,
Thou shalt know *all*, e'en as thyself is known,
And like thy God abide
Forever satisfied!

MY HEAVEN.

Rev. vii. : 15.

'Tis not of rest from toil, however sweet
That rest will be
To one who wearily
Has trod life's paths, with aching head and feet.

'Tis not of careless ease,—the surgeless sea
Of unmixed bliss—
In whose calm blessedness
My soul can bathe to all eternity;

Nor yet in rapture lost to sit and sing
The glad new song,
Mid the angelic throng,
White robed, with golden harp and seraph wing;

Nor yet to wave the palm or wear the crown
Of victory complete;
E'en though at Jesus' feet

'Twould be sweet joy to cast my trophies down.

A higher heaven I crave, dear Lord, grant me
Thyself to know,
And perfectly to do
Thy bidding in some blessed ministry.

Here 'tis such joy to serve Thee, but these powers,
Enshrined in clay,
Soon weary and give way
'Neath the stern needs of this sad world of ours.

Oh to be tireless! heart and brain and nerve
Forever free
From earth's infirmity,
By day and night my gracious God to serve!

To know as I am known! Earth's questioning o'er,
With ease to clasp
Truths I here fail to grasp,
And God's infinity of love explore!

This is *my* thought of Heaven; eternally
In strength to grow,
To love, to do, to know,
To live with Christ in sweet activity.

PENITENTIAL.

Oh Thou that hearest prayer!
Listen to me;
My burdened heart its care
Would cast on Thee.

Thy promise stands secure,
That Thou wilt hear
Him who in spirit poor
Offers his prayer.

Saviour! I know my heart
Is full of sin;
But Thou canst grace impart
To make it clean.

No merit of my own
To Thee I bring;
To Thy dear cross alone,
Trembling I cling.

Thine all-atoning blood
Was shed for me;
Oh, precious Lamb of God!
I trust in Thee.

Low at Thy feet I wait,
Guilty and weak;
Now let Thy mercy great
My pardon speak.

Then shall my future days
To Thee be given;
To Thee eternal praise
On earth, in Heaven.

O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH!

Ever some great ill expecting,
Trustless one!

Present good too oft neglecting,
Work undone.

Every passing cloud beholding.
Sure 'tis night!

E'en though morn is just unfolding
Beams of light.

At each disappointment grumbling
Day by day.

Every mote a rock of stumbling
In thy way.

Thankless heart! cease such repining,
Trust and wait;
Know God's love is on thee shining
In every strait.

In thine own dark shadow hiding,
Thou canst not see
God's bright promise-bow abiding
Over thee.

He who for the sparrow careth
Not in vain,
Sure His burdened children spareth
Needless pain.

Take to-day or joy or sorrow
At His word.

Leave the burden of to-morrow
With thy Lord.

A NEW YEAR PRAYER.

Before the new year's portal
With waiting feet I stand
And seek, dear Lord, a blessing,
The guidance of Thy hand.
The path is all untrodden,
No human footfall yet
Has left a trace to follow,
And save our vain regret.

The way seems dark before me,
With no clear guiding light;
All unrevealed its dangers
To my dim mortal sight.
Father, I dare not venture
One single step alone,
Lest I in blindness stumble
Against some hidden stone.

Known to Thy higher wisdom
Is all my future way;
Its roughnesses and windings,
Its snares to lead astray.
Unguided I shall wander,
Lord, let me take Thy hand,
And hold Thou up my goings,
That I secure may stand.

I know not what awaits me
Along the coming year,
What cup of joy untasted,
What weariness or fear;
Beneath what weight of sorrow
I may be called to bow,
How near the dreary shadow
Falls on my pathway now.

But this I know, undoubting,
That not too great or strong,
Will be the cross Thou'llt give me,
The darkness not too long;

For loving like a father
Thou chastenest but to bless;
And with each needed trial
Will give sustaining grace.

Lord, quiet these forbodings,
These human doubts remove;
Give me childlike assurance,
A calm, unwavering love.
Let me go forward bravely,
With willing, trusting feet,
Through Thine own strength to conquer
Each enemy I meet.

“CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.”

Why art thou thus cast down, my soul,
Why so disquieted?
Hope thou in God, thou yet shall praise
The hand that through these devious ways
Thy stumbling feet have led.

What though fresh trouble like a cloud
Thy sky hath overcast?
Though disappointments mar thy lot,
Thy Father's love which changes not
Will make all bright at last.

This life is but a trial hour,
A pilgrimage at best;
It may be that the heaviest load,
The darkest sky, the roughest road,
End in the surest rest.

And when from Beulah's hills reviewed,
Thou thankfully shall see
How brighter paths but lured astray,
While this same crooked, thorny way
Led straight to victory.

Oh to be patient in the fire!
God's hottest furnace blast!
Calmly to smile mid sternest ill,
And meekly bend to His sweet will,
Assured of joy at last.

MARAH—ELIM.

I know, dear Lord, Thou dost not overtask
The soul that in its weakness leans on Thee;
If near to falling it need only ask,
And underneath, the Everlasting arms shall be.

My burden was so heavy, 'neath its weight
My human strength gave way in mute despair.
I reached for help—a Hand clasped mine, and straight
My load was gone. He carried all my care.

My gracious Lord! How can I ever doubt
Again Thy present sympathy and love?
Let deepest darkness compass me about,
No shadow shall my confidence remove.

Thy ready touch can change the night to day,
The Marah bitterness to Elim sweet;
Here will I calmly rest, and trusting lay
My heaviest burden at Thy willing feet.

ASPIRATION.

Father of spirits! Thou who deignst to hear
The wild-notes of the forest throng,
Who mid the shadowy stillness strangely clear
Uplift their song.

Listen to one whose heart as strangely thrills
With melody alike divine;
Whose soul, unbounded by Earth's narrow hills,
Would reach to Thine.

Whose yearning spirit pants with wild unrest
Amid life's daily, toilsome round,
Unsatisfied to grovel thus unblest
On mortal ground.

Thoughts of the far-off, infinite, unknown,
 Crowd dimly on my busy brain,
 Waking within a deep mysterious tone,
 A voiceless strain.

Almighty Power! grant me the strength and skill
 To strike aright the chord divine,
 And utterance give the harmonies that thrill
 This soul of mine.

Inspire my thought, while I essay to train
 My unfledged fancy's timid flight
 To lofty heights—nor let me soar in vain
 Mid visions bright.

Give me the power a blessing to impart
 To many a weary child of Earth.
 To lift the fallen, soothe the aching heart,
 Give Hope new birth.

Help me to grasp great truths, and hidden forms
 Of life and beauty to reveal—
 God's bow of promise spanning earth's dark storms
 Sin's clouds conceal.

Then shall this earth-life be a hymn of praise,
 With grateful love in every line;
 Then mine the toil, the daily soul-full lays,
 The glory Thine.

ECHOES OF THE WORD

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

All hail! Holy day! we welcome again
With grateful rejoicing the morn
Which brought the glad news to the Judean plain
Of JESUS—Immanuel—born!

O wonder of wonders! O Love condescending!
A God in a frail helpless child!
The Infinite One with humanity blending,
Jehovah with man reconciled.

Ah! well might the angels announce the strange story,
And herald this wonderful birth
Which brought hope to man, to the Father new glory,
Good will, peace and joy to the earth.

And still through the ages the glad song is ringing—
The song by the angels begun—
Earth echoes to heaven in harmony singing
Praise! praise to God's incarnate Son!

As shepherds and sages amazed bow before Him
And costliest offerings bring,
With faith long-expectant the Christ-child adoring,
Own Him their Messiah and King,

So bring we *our* offerings of grateful laudation,
More loving, if poor and less wise;
We worship our King with the heart's adoration.
A gift He will never despise.

Bring evergreen branches, let garlands of holly
Our altars and hearthstones entwine.
Fit emblem of joy, never-dying and holy,
Of love ever-lasting divine!

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

O plodding life! crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care,
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain! by night and day
Working with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking, till thought becomes a pain—
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart! so quick to feel
In human woes a share!
Yet earthly loves thy pulses thrall,
And sordid treasures claim thee all—
No room for Jesus there.

O selfish soul! thus to debase
The being God doth spare;
Blood-bought, thou art no more thine own,
Heart, brain, life, all are His alone—
Make room for Jesus there.

Lest soon the bitter day will come
When vain will be thy prayer
To find in Jesus' heart a place—
Forever closed the door of grace—
No room for triflers there.

“COME UNTO ME.”

Matt. xi: 28.

“All we like sheep have gone astray,” far from the sheltering fold
We wander wearily and lone mid darkness, want and cold.
But list! our tender Shepherd’s voice falls on the ear distressed,
“Come unto Me, ye weary ones, and I will give you rest.”
Ho! all ye fainting, stricken ones, mid sorrow’s mazes lost,
Ho! every toiling, tempted one, on sin’s wild billow tossed;

List, ye who falter by the way with guilt and fear
oppressed,
"Come unto Me," the Saviour says, "and I will give you
rest."

Oh sweetly sounds this gracious call as mid life's cares
we roam,
Oft heavy-laden, spirit worn, with no abiding home;
Kind Shepherd, gladly we accept, turning from earth
unblest,
We come to Thee in weariness and seek Thy proffered
rest.

Oh lead us to the shadowing rock where heavenly
breezes blow,
And to the living pastures green where the still waters
flow;
We know Thy voice, we'll follow Thee, assured Thy way
is best,
For Thou hast said, "Come unto Me and I will give
thee rest."

Soon shall these pilgrim days be o'er, this weary earth
toil past,
Then, Jesus, Shepherd, oh receive our trembling souls
at last;
And let us hear Thy welcome voice mid harpings of the
blest,
Still sweetly saying, "Come to Me and find eternal rest."

"YE WILL NOT COME."

"Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."—
John v: 40.

O weary soul! long bowed beneath the load
Of conscious sin, and longing to be free;
Yet turning coldly from the only road
To Him who calls so gently, "Come to Me."

Poor, feeding on the husks of earthly care,
A wandering prodigal, afar from home,
Why will you starve, when there is bread to spare,
Waiting for you, if you will only come?

Blind, groping in the dark of doubt and fear
For some brave arm to be your strength and guide,
While One, the mightiest, stands so very near,
With outstretched hands to draw you to His side,

Condemned, yea, dead in trespasses and sin;
Pierced, bleeding with the darts of Satan's strife;
Yet wilfully refusing help from Him,
Who can alone defend and give you life.

O wondrous love! O patience most divine!
That spares from wrath, so long, the scorning one;
O wretched soul! self-doomed, the fault is thine;
For *they alone are lost, who will not come.*

“WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?”

John v: 1-9.

“Wilt thou be made whole?”
Oh tender the tone
That falls on the ear
Of the impotent one.
But so long has he waited,
So vainly for years,
It seems only mocking
His weakness and fears.

“Wilt thou be made whole?”
“Oh yes,” the reply;
“But no one will help me,
They all pass me by.”
One glance at the life
In those pitying eyes,
He listens, believes,
As Christ bids him “Arise!”

No waiting to question,
No staying for power,
He trusts and obeys
And is healed the same hour.
From his burden of sin
And infirmity freed,
He follows his Saviour,
A new man indeed.

“Wilt thou be made whole?”
The same voice to-day
Is tenderly asking,
Who, who will say “Nay.”
So weary of waiting,
So longing for rest,
The Healer beside thee
Says, “Rise and be blest.”

“Wilt thou be made whole?”
He asketh thee still,
With Him is the power,
Thine only to will.
Delay not to question,
Believe and obey,
And go forth in Christ Jesus
A new creature to-day.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

“Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger.”—John vi : 35.

Sweet food! from Christ the living Head,
Our soul-life to restore;
That we may die no more.
“Lord, evermore give us this bread.”

“Shall never hunger,” Jesus said;
Our famished souls would eat
The true eternal meat;
“Lord, evermore give us this bread.”

On earthly husks we long have fed,
Unsatisfied, in want,
Our fainting spirits pant
For heavenly, everlasting bread.

Our souls in sin and care are dead;
Dear Lord, in love impart
This Christ-life to our heart,
And evermore give us this bread.

“COME REST AWHILE.”

Mark vi: 31.

“Come rest awhile,” how sweet the thought—
The Master knows our weariness,
Since He His own disciples brought
Out from the city’s din and press,
To desert place, some quiet nest,
Where He and they awhile might rest.

Day after day the patient feet,
The ready hand, and glowing tongue
Had ministered by lane and street
To eager crowds, and o’er them flung
“The banner of His love” so blest;
But now *humanity* must rest.

“Apart” from man and all his need,
Close to the Father’s heart of love;
Hungry and thirsty there to feed
On hidden manna from above.
In soul communion find fresh life
And gain new courage for the strife.

“So tired,” dear Lord, with lesser task
Indeed, yet weary oft and faint
With daily toil, our spirits ask
Repose, and to Thy sweet constraint
Yield hand and brain, so long oppressed,
And gladly take the proffered rest.

"Come ye yourselves," to all, He saith,
Ye who like Him give strength and nerve
In battle with earth's sin and death,
God and your fellow man to serve;
Now let this tender call beguile,
And with your Master rest awhile.

"Apart" from man, but not from Thee,
Our Strength and Life with us abide
Where'er we go by restless sea,
Or by the shadowy mountain side;
Without Thee, vain would be our quest,
In Thee alone we find our rest.

ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Faultless beauty, heavenly grace,
Beam from our Redeemer's face;
Matchless sweetness, love divine,
Sorrow shading every line.

Strange, unfathomed mystery!
Love incarnate here we see;
God-like pity, human woe,
Blending Heaven with earth below.

Yearning mothers round Him press,
Praying "Lord, our children bless";
Cold disciples sternly say,
"Take the little ones away."

Jesus then speaks tenderly,
"Suffer them to come to Me";
We can almost hear His tone,
"Such as these I fondly own."

Now they gladly seek His care,
Tiny hands are clasped in prayer;
One, sweet childish Faith, behold
Christ with His own robe enfold.

Saviour, may this tender scene
Rend the veil of doubt between
Thee and us, that, trusting, we
May *our* children bring to Thee.

If Thy pictured loveliness
With such power our hearts impress,
Hope to rapture shall give place
When we see Thee face to face.

IN THE STORM.

Matt. xiv: 24, 25.

Toiling in the midnight storm,
Tossed on sorrow's surging sea,
Weary, terrified, forlorn,
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

Drifting on the soundless deep,
Wave on wave rolls over me,
Shadows coldly round me creep;
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

Clustering griefs becloud my way,
Earthly joys and comforts flee;
Oh, to be my light, my stay,
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

Surely, Master, Thou dost care
Lest I perish helplessly!
Surely Thou wilt hear my prayer,
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

Come and take the vacant helm,
Guide me o'er life's troubled sea;
Ere the tide my soul o'erwhelm,
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

I shall feel Thee strong to save,
When Thy spirit-form I see
Walking on the yielding wave,
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

Let me hear Thy cheering voice,
E'en though it in chiding be;
Bid my fearful heart rejoice,
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

Thou canst make the tempest cease;
At Thy word the shadows flee;
Thou alone canst give me peace;
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

E'en upon the billow's crest
Sweetly tranquil I can be
If near Thy dear heart I rest,
Jesus, Saviour, come to me.

"WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT AND HAVE TAKEN NOTHING."

Luke v : 5.

Master, all night by dangers thick beset
We've toiled in vain;
Yet once again
At Thy command, we will let down the net.

Lo, what a draught rewards their feeble faith!
Their nets are filled,
All doubting stilled,
When they obey the word the Master saith.

Weary disciple! fainting with the pain
Of fruitless toil
In barren soil,
To thee the Master saith, "Launch out again,"

Yield not to weariness nor weakly say
Hopeless the task,
Nor idly ask
Ignoble rest, but trustfully obey.

Where deepest seems the sea of doubt and fear,
 Darkest the night
 Of sin's sad blight,
There cast thy net believing, Christ is near.

Dread not the danger nor the darkness heed,
 Bravely toil on
 Till rest is won,
And God's own might will crown the faithful deed.

All night? Ah! toiler, but the morn is near;
 Lo, the Day-star
 Beaming afar
With hope and joy thy fainting soul to cheer.

A little longer toil, perchance success,
 Abundant, sure,
 Long to endure,
On thy *next* earnest effort waits to bless.

Master! with Thee the sternest toil is rest,
 And truly bright
 The darkest night
By Thine inspiring Presence sweetly blest.

Only give us to know Thy will, dear Lord,
 And gladly we
 Will work for Thee
By night or day, Thy love our sole reward.

“THE NIGHT COMETH.”

John ix : 4.

The patient sun has run his daily race,
 And lingers with a fitful flush of light;
While o'er the purple hills with stately pace
 Cometh the night.

Darkly the shadows fall on busy hand
 And toiling brain—to ease the straining sight.
No man can longer work, for o'er the land
 Cometh the night.

I lay my task aside with vain regret
That more and better is not done—day's flight
Is all too rapid, too soon sun's set,
 Too fast comes night.

I fold my hands and think will thus at last
Death's darkness come and blind my mortal sight
Ere half my work is done—life's day be past,
 And come the night?

Ah, rouse thee, sluggish soul, the moment's glide;
 While thou art dreaming swiftly speeds the light.
No man can work when with resistless tide
 Cometh the night.

Work, Christian, work while it is called to-day;
 While strength and hope are thine, the heavens bright.
Stay not thy hand lest while you yet delay
 Cometh the night.

An earnest task is thine—to save the lost,
 To win the erring to the path of right.
The shadows lengthen, see, thy way acros't
 Cometh the night.

The night! to faithful toiler, welcome rest!
 To careless souls, regretful toil, Faith's fight
Well fought, ah, peacefully and blest
 Cometh the night.

NO HOPE.

"Without God, and without hope in the world."—Eph. ii : 12.
Behold in yon chamber, so shadowed and still,
Where faces and tones give an ominous thrill,
A sufferer lies tossing, with fluttering breath,
In his young hopeful manhood contending with death.

Afar from his home he had sought for a time
To baffle disease in a sunnier clime;
But ah! the vain hope from his bosom is gone,
The Dark Angel meets him, he wrestles alone.

The stranger friends near wipe the dew from his brow,
And ask for his mother's sake, "Must he die now?"
"Oh, is there no hope?" In a sad undertone
The answer is heard, "No hope for him, none."

Look out on the ocean where helpless, forlorn,
A ship and its crew toils mid darkness and storm;
Dismantled it drifts—hark! a crashing, a shock!
"No hope!" is the cry, 'tis a wreck on the rock!

"No hope"—'tis the clank of the prisoner's chain!
The knell of the doomed on the scaffold of pain!
The cry of despair as sinking, alone,
The drowning man ceases to struggle, is gone.

Oh words of all others most sad to be said!
Oh sound most heart-crushing, most dismal and dread!
Give the soul but a glimmer, a promising ray,
And nobly 'twill battle 'gainst death and decay.

But ah! there is many a one o'er whose head
This sentence hangs darkly, with meaning more dread,
Who dares, though the banner of love is unfurled,
To live "without God—without hope in the world."

Oh blind ones awake! ere too late to be healed;
Oh dead ones come forth! lest your sad doom be sealed;
While yet there is time to the Saviour repair,
And find hope and pardon awaiting you there.

"HIM THAT OVERCOMETH."

Rev. II and III chapters.

Do thorns beset thy path, does darkness cloud thy way,
And sore temptation fill thy spirit with dismay?
Oh fainting child of earth! list the sweet promise given,
For "Him that overcometh" waits a glorious rest in
Heaven!

Is thy light cross a burden? Did not thy Saviour wear
For thee a crown of thorns, a heavier burden bear?
Canst thou not meekly walk where His dear feet have
trod,

Since "Him that overcometh" shares the Paradise of
God?

Is life a weariness, and earth a desert waste?
Does e'en the cup of Joy prove bitter to thy taste?
Is thy soul faint with longing for true, eternal meat?
List! "Him that overcometh" shall the hidden manna
eat.

"I'll give him a new name engraved on a white stone;
Power to rule the nations, a place upon My throne;
Beside the crystal river, amid celestial light,
The soul that overcometh sin shall walk with Me in
white."

Thus the Redeemer speaks, and o'er the darkling tide
Sweet angel echoes come from dear ones glorified.
Yea, "Him that overcometh," this stern life-battle o'er,
In the temple of my God shall stand a pillar evermore.

Be watchful then and nerve thy spirit for the fight,
To bravely do or bear as God shall give thee might;
The conflict soon will cease, and the reward is sure
To them that overcome this world and to the end endure.

"PROVE ME."

Malachi iii: 10.

"Bring the tithes into the storehouse,
Let there be a bounteous store;
Then I'll pour you out a blessing
Till ye have no room for more.

Prove Me now, ye doubting children,
Let your faith attest My word;
Fill your measure of the contract,
Leave the balance to your Lord.

Stand no longer idly waiting;
Prayer unproved hath little power;
Vain your longing, without effort
To advance the promised hour.

Bring your offerings to the altar,
Tithes of money, work and prayer;
Yea, with earnest consecration
Give yourselves to service there.

Then will *I*, the Lord Jehovah,
Surely make My promise good;
Open wide the Heavenly windows,
Pour you out a gracious flood."

Lord, how can we ever doubt Thee
With such wondrous promises?
Help us now by faith and service
Prove Thy readiness to bless.

"INASMUCH."

Matt. xxv : 40.

Oh joy! if I at last may stand
Before the King
With those at His right hand,
And my poor trophies bring
With trembling hope! Oh, then to hear
The blessed "Inasmuch" fall on my ear,
The welcoming "Ye blessed, come,
Inherit now your Heavenly home;
Not all in vain your lowly toil, your loving ministry,
Ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Dear Lord, too oft this craving heart
Aches with the will
Some greater deed to do, some loftier part
In life to fill.
It seems so little just to give
The cup of water to revive

Some thirsty soul—a little child to lead
O'er the rough path—to speak to one in need
 The word of comfort, when I would
 So gladly give this warm life-blood
My love to show, my service vow to seal
To Thee who didst Thy love to me so wondrously reveal.

But oh! in each of these I serve to see
 Thy patient face,
My loving Lord! Thou Christ of Calvary,
 Thy need to trace!
Can I desire more? A higher service seek?
Or more reward, to hear Thy dear voice speak
 The "Inasmuch" to me, my little deed
 To crown and glorify with such a meed
Of praise? Enough, my soul, the lowliest ministry
Is great, thus sweetly blessed "Ye did it unto Me."

"AND IT WAS NIGHT."

John xiii: 30.

An "upper room," at eve, a circle sad,
Met at a mournful, parting feast
With Him whose voice had ever made them glad,
 Whose words their sorrow now increased.
A traitor's hand is with them on the board!
A traitor's heart, with dark intentions stored,
Rests near to His whose love he cannot doubt!
The sop received, Judas went quickly out,
 "And it was night."

And then night, black as Egypt's fearful gloom,
 Without one hope-inspiring ray,
Fell on his soul, who from that sacred room,
 Went forth his Master to betray.
Possessed of Satan—slave of sordid gain—
He sold his God, nor could the price retain.
One traitorous kiss, one glance at Jesus' face,
Remorse awoke—he went "to his own place"
 Where all is night!

Oh, hour of darkness! night of sorrow drear!
To those by this dark deed bereft
Of Him whose presence had become so dear,
Whom absent, hope nor joy were left.
And He, the world's Redeemer! who can tell
The heavy cloud which on His spirit fell,
As, to His foes betrayed by trusted friend,
He meekly hastens to the tragic end—
To *Him* 'twas night.

O Jesus! basely sold and crucified
By man, who by Thy death doth live,
Canst Thou, now on Thy throne all-glorified,
The guilty race still spare, forgive?
Oh, wondrous love! that through a night of woe
Eternal morning brings to cruel foe.
And from the shameful cross with bleeding hand
Lifts up the curtain of that blissful land
Where there's no night.

THE PRAYER ON OLIVET.

Evening had deepened into night; darkness
And stillness reigned o'er fair Judea's land.
The busy hum of active life was o'er;
For man and beast, weary with the day-toil,
Were hushed in deep repose. Wrapped in a robe
Of shadow calmly stood Jerusalem;
Her towers and domes, no longer gilded by
The setting sun, rose stern and dark and tall,
Like the helmed visage of the Roman guard,
Who pacing to and fro, kept faithful watch
Before her ponderous gates.

In silence now
Behold a band of lowly ones come forth
And wend their way, with measured steps and slow,
Out from the dusty streets to Olive's mount.
The soldier at the gate paused as they passed
To cast a searching look upon the train,

Then mingled scorn and pity curled his lip,
As he beheld the hated Nazarene.
They glided on—their hearts oppressed with grief
And a vague dread of evil yet unknown.
The declaration of their cherished Lord
To His disciples at the mournful feast—
That He should be betrayed by one of them—
Weighed on their startled spirits with a load
Of solemn sadness. Could they be so base,
So traitorous to one they loved so well?
Impossible! thought fondly each and all.
“Though *all* forsake and earth’s great powers stand
Combined to overcome, yet will not *I*,”
Said the impetuous Peter. Alas!
Poor human strength—how confident in self,
How weakly falling in the first temptation!

Now

Mid the solitude of clustering groves,
The midnight air is stirred by Jesus’ voice
Whose tender accents breathing peace and love
Refresh and calm the sorrow-weary band.
Lifting His eyes to heaven He prays for them.
And what a prayer! O! ye whose hearts refuse
To melt with penitence and grateful love
At the repeated story of the Cross,
Draw near and view the wondrous scene and hear
A wondrous Saviour’s parting prayer! Behold
The Son of God! Heir of creation’s wealth!
Surrounded by a few of earth’s redeemed,
In a lone spot at night praying for them!
The gentle stars light up His lifted brow,
Revealing there an agony of soul
Unspoken yet, reserved for that strange hour
Of spirit-strife in sad Gethsemane;
While the bewildered group, awed by the mystery,
In attitudes of rapt devotion stand.
Tones of Æolian sweetness breathing words
More beautiful and tender than e’er fell
On mortal ear before that hour or since,
With Kedron’s murmurs mingle and ascend

In melting cadence to the Father's throne.
Methinks the angelic host of Heaven bent
From their bright home to listen and repeat
Each meek petition—while their golden harps
Were hushed that the pure echo of His voice
Pleading for sinful man, might fill the arch
Celestial with a melody divine.

Oh! what unfathomed love! Thus in an hour
O'ershadowed by a cloud of woe untold,
The world's Redeemer, self-forgetful, seeks
His Father's blessing on His chosen ones.
That prayer is o'er—but through the aisles of Time,
Amid the tumult of Life's rapid tide,
Its echoes still in holy wavelets come,
And man, sin-burdened, joys to hear the sound,
And, comforted, adds gratefully his own
“Amen!”

“ECCE HOMO.”

John xix: 5.

Gabbatha—in the judgment hall
Of Roman might—a coward judge—a throng
Of heartless madmen—mid them all,
In patient sufferance of untold wrong,
Serene, resigned, with conscious power strong,
Behold the man!

The Christ! by ancient seers foretold—
A man with whom no mortal can compare—
The Jews' Messiah, sought of old,
He comes, the sins of multitudes to bear,
And in His people's woe and weakness share;
Behold the man!

“He came unto His own,” but lo!
“His own received Him not”; despised He stands
The victim of their wrath; the woe
Of woes piercing His soul; life in His hands
Rejected; scorned by heartless, thankless bands:
Behold the man!

They brought Him forth, thorn-crowned, in pain;
Attired in robes of mock regality;
The sign of Heavenly kingship plain
On His pale brow enstamped—the majesty
Of God blending with human agony:
Behold the man!

They brought Him forth, scourged, bleeding, faint,
Bowed 'neath the burden of a whole world's sin;
Bearing the load without a selfish plaint,
That dying souls may life immortal win,
And through the gates of glory enter in.
Behold the man!

And yet all power was His—a word
From those closed lips and angel hosts would come
Swift to defend their injured Lord,
And hurl His fierce opposers to their doom—
But silent, suffering in sinners' room,
Behold the man!

Ah! Pilate, did a gleam of truth
Flash on your secret soul in that dark day?
Else why the faltering voice forsooth,
The troubled brow, as you so weakly say,
“I find no fault in Him, take Him away!”
Behold the man!

And ye who in your hearts of stone
Cry “Crucify Him!” “Crucify Him!” still—
Bleeding for your sins to atone,
Dying to save you from unmeasured ill
A sinless sacrifice on Calvary's hill—
Behold the man!

The day will dawn—it hastens now—
When He before the world shall reappear;
Not 'neath the cross again to bow,
But as a Conqueror a crown to wear!
Then shall ye in dismay and abject fear
Behold the man!

O Christ! all human, all divine!
Pattern of patience and humility!
Inspire my soul with grace like Thine,
That I may bear life's trials patiently,
And in that day of terror tranquilly
Behold the man!

GOD'S CHRIST.

Behold Him *now*, a captive bound and led
By ruffian guards, fainting and almost dead
With spirit-conflict; hurried from the place
Where He had sought in grief His Father's face,
From angel ministry, to cruel doom
Of hate-envenomed tongues in priestly room.
Behold Him *now*, the Son of Man, alone,
Despised, rejected by His very own,
Scoffed at, and spit upon, struck by rough hands,
A silent victim, patiently He stands
And bears it all; His only vain defence
A lamb-like muteness and calm innocence.

Oh God! what love but Thine, so infinite,
Could vengeance e'er restrain at such a sight!
Oh mystery of grace! unsolved device!
To save a rebel race, at such a price!

"Art thou the Christ, the ever Blessed Son?"
Asked priestly malice of the silent one.
Placed under oath, to Jewish custom true,
At length the parted lips their office do:
The brow uplifts, a majesty divine
Speaks from that visage marred, in every line.
And oh that voice! how must its kingly tone
Have silenced clamor, sounding out alone
Above all wrath, filling each heart with dread!
"The Christ? yea, false one, thou hast said;
Amid the clouds hereafter thou shalt see
The Son of Man and know that I am He.
Sitting at God's right hand, mine then the power,

And thine before thy righteous Judge to cower
In abject fear, remembering how this day
Thy murderous hands were lifted up to slay
Thine own Messiah-King. Ah, do thy worst,
This is thy day of might, do all thou durst,
Thou canst but crush this quivering human frame,
And free the God within it. And this same
Brief show of power is given thee to fulfill
My Father's and My Own eternal will.
Thou dost not take My life—this mortal crown—
Freely for thee and thine, I lay it down."

Oh, patience strange! that could so gently deal
With puny foe, and not the strength reveal
Of that right arm, which lifted up could call
Legions of angels at His feet to fall.

Our human hearts with indignation fill
At the bare thought of what abuse and ill
Were heaped on that dear head! With passion strong
We cry, O gracious Lord! how long! how long!
Ere that hereafter come when mid the clouds
Thy kingly face shall reappear; while crowds
Of seraphim and cherubim adore
The Lamb, once slain, now living evermore!
Oh, haste the day when every eye shall see,
And every tongue confess Thy majesty;
When all Thy foes shall hide their heads in shame,
And Heaven and earth shall magnify Thy name;
No more despised, rejected, disallowed,
But owned, adored by all, the Christ of God!

"ELOI! ELOI! LAMA' SABACTHANI!"

Mark xv: 34.

O weight of woe! O crowning anguish!
In this last bitter cry we trace:
The suffering Son allowed to languish
Without the comfort of His Father's face!

To die by earthly friends forsaken,
Were bitterness enough to bear;
But God has e'en His presence taken—
Surely He does not His Beloved spare!

Sinless, yet standing for the sinner,
Our Sacrifice must fully know
His direst doom to be the winner
For us of full salvation from all woe.

So all alone, behold Him suffer
The keenest sting of wrathful rod;
The guiltiest wretch could know no rougher
Fate than Thine, O patient Lamb of God!

He dies *alone*, that we such sorrow
May never taste, whate'er betide;
Friends may forsake, but death may borrow
The sweetest joy with Jesus at our side.

Thus dies, that now "I'll ne'er forsake thee"
Shall bring us comfort in our woe;
"In His own arms thy God shall take thee
When through the dreary shadow thou shalt go."

O Love immeasurable! eternal!
Can we thy depth e'er understand?
Not till amid the light supernal
We wholly saved shall clasp Thy pierced hand!

OUR EASTER CALL.

Written for an Easter Meeting of a Woman's Missionary Society.

Another Easter-tide draws near—
Amid fair lilies' bloom
And violets' perfume,
Again the wondrous story we shall hear
Of the first Easter morning bright

That broke the shadow of earth's darkest night;

And with the Marys go

Back to the sepulchre as so

They early went in Sorrow's true accord,

With spices to anoint their buried Lord.

And we shall share their glad surprise,

As through their blinding tears

The empty tomb appears!

The angel to their questioning replies

"He is not here, but risen, as He said—

Seek not the living Christ among the dead."

And then how quickly grief and fear are gone,

As "Mary!" greets them in the voice well known.

Oh Friendship, fathomless, divine!

The world is not too old,

Nor woman's heart grown cold,

Nor distance from that rock-hewn shrine—

Where Love's devotion met its meed—so great,

That the fond memory still

Cannot with rapture thrill

His own, who for His new arising wait.

But, dear Rabboni, speak as well

To all Thy Marys now;

Let them as surely know

Thy quickening voice, and in Thy words "Go tell,"

Hear their own high commission, and as swift

Run to obey; untiring bear

The precious message everywhere—

"Christ lives! Eternal life is sure!" and lift

The veil from souls on sin's dark sea adrift.

O woman! honored, glory-crowned,

By fellowship so blest!

Canst thou supinely rest

Beside some tear-wet earthly mound,

Or in the depths of care or selfish ease?

Then weakly sigh and ask

"What is *my* given task?

Can such as *I* the Master find and please?"

Arise! go forth, thy task is clear;
Thy privilege is great,
With Christ to work and wait.
He goes before, each dreary path to cheer.
Earth's needy millions call for living bread.
Thine is the given power,
This, thine appointed hour
To minister in thy dear Master's stead.

Then with the blessed Easter-tide
Let all who yearn to show
The heart's warm overflow
To Him who rose Heaven's gate to open wide,
With Him arise and hasten on to do
The bidding of His will—
Our sacred trust fulfill—
Love's best anointing is a service true.

“NO MORE SEA.”

Rev. xxi: 1.

Is it not beautiful, is it not grand,
As it rolls in its blue infinity,
And tosses its surges from land to land?
Why then is it written “There was no more sea?”

'Tis so pleasant to watch the crested waves
As they playfully chase each other on shore,
And to hear the tones from its musical caves,
Why should it be written “There was sea no more?”

Would it not add to the beauty of Heaven,
If the sea poured its flood 'round the Jasper wall?
Its waters at rest, by storms never riven,
Would mirror the glory that on it should fall.

Ah, treacherous sea! the angel knew well,
To many thou art a terror and gloom;
The roar of thy waves a dreary death knell,
Thy crystalline depths a dark dismal tomb.

Thy beauty is cold, thy grandeur is grave,
Thy billows the type of a wild unrest;
And parting too oft the loving and brave,
Would mar the sweet peace of the Home of the blest.

Thy place is on earth, thou endest with time,
Then roll in thy might, dash on full and free!
'Tis but for to-day, in yon tranquil clime,
The angel hath written "There was no more sea."

No more buried hopes, no quenched household gleams,
No parting, no sorrow, no mystery;
Mid fields ever green flow clear crystal streams
And fountains of water, but "There's no more sea."

"NO MORE DEATH."

Rev. xxi : 4.

O world! so full of darkened homes,
Of funeral trains and opening tombs,
Light in the darkness! the promise comes
"There shall be no more death."

O curse of sin! there comes a day
When earth, freed from thy tyrant sway,
With joy shall hear the Conqueror say
"There shall be no more death."

The Voice that spoke to Bethany's twain—
"Thy brother dead shall live again"—
Once more proclaims o'er land and main
"There shall be no more death."

"Come forth!" the call omnipotent
Is heard; each long sealed tomb is rent,
And all earth's sleepers wake attent
To hear "There's no more death!"

No death, no tears, no deep-drawn sighs,
No broken hearts, no riven ties;
Beyond this shadowy vale there lies
A land with "no more death."

v

IN THE SHADOW

f

DE PROFUNDIS.

On the death of President Lincoln—April 14th, 1865.

Out of the depths, O Lord, out of the depths,
A smitten nation cries to Thee!
Bowed by the awful mystery
Of Death—sitting in sackcloth thickly spread,
Mourning, uncomforted, its honored dead.

Alas! alas! we're weak to-day;
A Prince has fallen—our country's stay!
Our chosen Chief, loved of the land,
Falls in his might by murderous hand!
Oh God! for such unknown, unfathomed grief,
Thou, only Thou, canst bring us sure relief.

The nation's heart so late with victory glad,
Lies bleeding, 'neath a ponderous cross;
Crushed, broken by its mighty loss.
Oh Lord, our Strength! to Thee we turn—for though
Satanic vengeance aimed the dreadful blow,
Thy wisdom did permit the deed,
In it Thy sovereign will we read.
Thou hast afflicted, Thou must heal,
Thou sendest grief, Thy love reveal.
Oh calm our spirits, quench the wrathful thought—
We would be still and trust Thee as we ought.

Man dies—the highest—but the Eternal lives;
Thou, Chief supreme, our Ruler still,
Our destiny will hold, fulfill.
Though treason's factions 'gainst us madly rage,
Thou canst their wrath restrain, our fears assuage.
The powers of sin Thy mandate know,
Thus far, no farther can they go.
In Thee oh let the nation trust;
And now from martyred Mercy's dust
Rise to a loftier faith, a courage strong,
To battle firmly 'gainst our country's wrong.

Nerve Thou each heart, guide Thou each faltering will,
Without Thee chaos will prevail;
With Thee our cause will never fail.
God of the Right! oh heal our stricken land;
Vengeance is Thine, we leave it in Thy hand.
No martyr's blood is shed in vain,
May *ours* wipe out foul treason's stain,
And our dear land to peace restore,
To know disunion never more.
Grant this, O Lord, and we will meekly bow
And kiss the rod that smites so sorely now.

THE NATIONAL FUNERAL.

"Sic semper tyrannis."—April, 1865.

O pageant of grandeur! O climax of fame!
No greater e'er honored earth's kingliest name;
Fit tribute to royalty truest, the best—
A Patriot martyr thus goes to his rest.

A nation of mourners with sorrow's keen pain,
In tears watch the slow-moving funeral train
Which bears from their midst to a far Western tomb,
Their Chieftain whose death wraps a country in gloom.

From hillside and valley they hasten to show
Some token of love mid the drapings of woe;
And on that dear casket in silence to gaze,
With a kiss or a tear or a whisper of praise.

With flowers the rarest, the sweetest, they crown
The mortal of him whom immortal renown
Will wreath evermore—while the slow tolling bell
And requiems chanted the tale of grief tell.

Through reverent crowds, mid the perfume of flowers,
And strains of soft music, 'neath evergreen bowers,
Like a Hero in triumph they bear him along.
Do such loving honors to *tyrants* belong?

Yet this was the man who thus falsely was styled
By traitors who basely his goodness reviled;
Whose words, now immortal, we fondly recall,
"With malice toward none, but with mercy to all."

"Sic semper tyrannis?" yes, thus let it be
To one who ruled only with Love's tyranny.
Who held out the sceptre of pardon to foes.
Too ready to lighten their self-given woes.

'Sic semper tyrannis!' 'twas Mercy's death knell!
With the victim of treason her sway darkly fell.
Now Justice beholding unsheathes her sharp sword,
Henceforth Retribution stern acts shall record.

All praise to the Leader whose wise, steady sway
Has brought us from darkness to hail a new day;
Whose love for the Right, whose good will to mankind
And firm faith in God scarce an equal can find.

But bury him calmly, no more vainly weep,
His life work is done, let him peacefully sleep.
For Freedom he died when her victory was nigh.
His record's with God and the angels on high.

Side by side through the ages two names shall go down,
Two patriot lives equal glory shall crown.
With WASHINGTON, loved as our country's brave sire,
Stands LINCOLN, her savior—souls tried as by fire!

THANKS AND SUPPLICATION.

For President Garfield's Life. July 2, 1881.

Great God of nations! hear
A grateful people's prayer—
Their hymn of praise;
As low on bended knee
With trembling ecstasy
Of hope and joy, to Thee
Our hearts we raise.

When o'er our sunlit land
A mad assassin's hand
 Spread death's dark pall,
Above their prostrate chief
Millions are bowed in grief,
And for Thy quick relief
 United call.

And not in vain they cry,
Thou didst not let him die,
 But graciously
Withheld the fatal blow,
Stayed the red life-blood's flow,
Gave length of days below,
 So wondrously.

Thanks that Thy watchful eye
And loving hand was nigh
 That fateful hour,
To guide the deadly dart
Aimed at a noble heart,
So not one vital part
 Felt its dread power.

Thanks for his courage true,
The dauntless soul that knew
 No craven fear.
But calmly bore the ill
With iron nerve and will,
Sustained and cheerful still,
 With death so near.

Thanks for the Nation's love,
All party feuds above,
 Now freshly shown.
One heart from sea to sea,
One throb of sympathy,
One thrill of loyalty,
 For him—their own.

God bless our fallen head!
Raise him as from the dead
 To life again.
Long may his gentle sway
All fear of strife allay;
United as to-day
 Our land remain!

Borne on the Sabbath air
Let universal prayer
 With praises blend.
Praise for the mercy sent,
Prayer with faith's deep intent;
God save our President!
 The Nation's friend!

“O WOMAN, GREAT IS THY FAITH!”

O gentle woman, strong and true!
When stouter hearts let hope expire,
The Nation's gloom is cheered by you,
 Your faith relights our flickering fire.

“*He will not die!*”* Whence that sure trust?
Is it not borne of holy faith?
That He who holds the fleeting breath
 Hath said, “Faith's prayer shall save from death.

Thine is the central shrine around
Whose unquenched flame a million more
Cluster and burn with hope profound,
 And ceaseless supplications pour.

List! and the gracious answer hear,
The words the blessed Healer saith;
“O woman! put away thy fear,
 It shall be even as thy faith.”

* Mrs. Garfield's words soon after the assassination.

“WHY?”

“O why am I made to suffer this cruel wrong?”

Mrs. Garfield, after the President's death, Sept. 19, 1881.

Out of the darkness of that night of gloom,
Out of the stillness of that shadowed room,
From a crushed heart is wrung the questioning cry
 That “Why, oh Why?”

Dreaded so long, yet a surprise at last.
Quenched in a moment, prayer and hope are past.
Ah! can we wonder at the bitter cry,
 The “Why, oh Why?”

The Nation's heart as well, throbbing with woe,
Pierced with a stroke few nations ever know,
In one deep monotone echoes the cry,
 The questioning “Why?”

We have so truly prayed, so built our faith
Upon the words our great Physician saith,
“Prayer will avail to save,” yet death was nigh;
 Oh Father, “Why?”

So long we've stood that suffering bed beside
Watching with hope or fear the wavering tide;
It is so hard at last to have him *die*;
 Forgive the “Why?”

He seemed to be so needed—calm and strong,
A Christian Ruler, wise to right the wrong,
Brave to endure—and yet so soon to lie
 Martyred! Oh “Why?”

O strangest mystery! that this fair land
Again should be despoiled by murderous hand;
Above two martyr-graves should weep and sigh
 And question “Why?”

Thou knowest why—in vain does puny man
Essay Thy hidden purposes to scan;
Thou wouldst be less a God could human eye
 Discern the “Why?”

Of all Thy ways. The father oft conceals
From his weak child the reason why he deals
So sternly with him—then let us trust and try
Not to ask "Why?"

Oh could we but God's fatherhood receive,
His word "I chasten whom I love," believe,
Should we so murmur, seek so to descry
The reason "Why?"

Let us be still—the Hand that smites will heal;
Will some day lift the clouds that now conceal
His ways, and in the Eternal By and By
We shall know "Why?"

NOT DEAD, BUT RISEN.

President McKinley—another Patriot Martyr.
Sept. 14, 1901.

Not *dead*—the noble all-embracing soul,
Not dead, the wise, strong master-mind,
Not dead, the heart, loving, sincere and kind,
These live and find immortal strength their goal.

He lives, for such a life can never die—
So purposeful in every word and deed,
Far reaching in its power, 'twill be the seed
Of growing worth and inspiration high.

The stately form built on God's perfect plan,
The thoughtful brow, the ever genial face—
So winning in its gentleness and grace—
Were but the semblance of the deathless *man*.

The *visible* is gone, but in a higher sphere
He lives a nobler service to fulfill.
God called, he calmly yielded his own will,
And passed beyond all limitations here.

Mourn the sad passing of our honored head;
Heap rarest blossoms o'er his sacred clay;
Let the whole world its truest homage pay—
A Christian hero crowned! he is not *dead*.

His presence in our councils has not fled;
His voice in echoes clear will still abide;
His wisdom, rare, the Nation still will guide.
McKinley lives! Let no one call him *dead*.

“TWILIGHT DELL”—GREENWOOD.

In Memoriam H. B.

How calm thy rest—great city of the dead!
My thoughts grow tender as I softly tread
Thy silent aisles. A holy charm pervades
The stillness of thy consecrated shades;
For here fond Memory holds a sacred trust,
Deep buried from my sight beneath its kindred dust.

On this May morn how bright the vernal bloom,
Which mantles hill and vale, dispelling gloom
And kindling quiet joy! Pure blossoms spread
In snowy wreaths above the sleeping dead
Invest thee with a saintliness as fair
As the celestial robes of white the angels wear.

Here Art and Nature their best skill combine
To beautify Affection's hallowed shrine;
But sculptured stone or rich parterre are nought,
One lowly spot engages all my thought.
One dear secluded vale, ah! can I tell
How much of *life* to me lies in this “Twilight Dell?”

Here let me pause, while tenderly I bend
O'er the low mound that hides a loving friend.
Such love, so pure, I ne'er may know again
While I a pilgrim on this earth remain.
But, selfish heart, why hopelessly repine?
Enough for thee to know that *once* such love was thine.

My soul her image holds, yet I essay
Vainly with words, its beauty to portray;
Mind, heart, form, feature all alike so fair,
A blended loveliness, on earth too rare.
“The good die first”—ah ne'er a truer thought
Fell from a poet's lips with inspiration fraught!

“The good die first”—cast in a mould refined,
Too fragile to endure, they seem by God designed
To give to coarser souls who darkly stray
A glimpse of Heaven then lead themselves the way:
By an embodiment of Heavenly grace
To fit us to behold His own all-glorious face.

Such was her life whose early flight from earth
We deeply mourn—a life of rarest worth,
A fount of good, a ministry of love
Lifting our earth-born souls to heights above;
A life of active faith and earnest zeal,
Eternity alone its influence can reveal.

Bright is the record Memory keeps, engraved
On living tablets, thus securely saved
From Time's defilement and the tomb's decay.
Though the dear form may moulder 'neath the clay,
The hearts that loved her best they only know
How *true* and *beautiful* was that brief life below.

But is she dead? Can Goodness ever die?
Shadow of Him who lives eternally!
Does spirit-beauty perish with the breath?
Is Love extinguished at the touch of Death?
No! stars may pale, all finite glory fade,
Germs of the Life immortal, *these* live undecayed!

They are not lost, the beautiful, the true!
A mystic veil but hides them from our view.
Their presence still is with us, loving, bright,
Though undiscerned by our dull mortal sight.
They wear this fading robe of clay no more,
In fadeless grace, soul-free, they walk the Eternal shore.

Beloved! shall we grieve that thou art free?
Free from the cross so early laid on thee?
"Perfect through suffering," no more years of pain
Nor weariness nor care to thee remain;
Rest, Peace, unchanging bliss forever thine!
Death was to thee the archway to a Life divine.

A life without the shadow of a cloud;
A spirit-being with new powers endowed;
Expanding as its untold cycles move,
Growing in knowledge, holiness and love.
Mysteries in truth and grace, unfathomed here,
To thine enraptured vision now unfolded clear.

And not alone art thou in yonder sphere;
Kindred and friends, beloved and cherished here,
Are with thee glorified; and dearer still
One whom thy soul adored through good or ill.
Courage, my heart! a few more years of strife
Will bring thee to the dawn of the same blessed Life.

Then wherefore be dismayed, why sadly weep,
When Christ to thy beloved giveth sleep?
The parting will be brief, in patience wait
The sure reunion at the Pearly Gate.
Oh blissful hope! these murmuring thoughts dispel!
Farewell unhallowed grief! farewell dear "Twilight
Dell."

SUDDEN TRANSITION.

"There is but a step between me and death."

A step! no more, a fluttering breath,
A mortal chill parts life and death.

A farewell glance, a quick adieu!
Earth fades, Eternity's in view.

One day in health's fresh roseate bloom,
The next, pale, waiting for the tomb.

At morn erect in manhood's day,
At night, prostrate in death's decay.

But to the Christian, oh how sweet!
That step transports the weary feet
From thorny paths and tiresome ways,
To golden streets and restful days.

A moment shivering on the verge,
The next beyond the river's surge.

A moment in the valley's shade,
Then to the Eternal hills conveyed.

To-day worn with the world's vain quest,
To-morrow, calm, supernal rest.

One step from Satan's tempting charms,
To safe repose in Jesus' arms.

Only one step from sin's sad load,
To spotless holiness and God!

O blest transition! glorious change!
This human shrinking passing strange!

Why should we choose the lingering pain,
The weary waste of heart and brain,

Why cling to earth and mortal fear,
When Life immortal is so near?

Lord, let me always ready be
Quick to depart and go to Thee.

Ready to take the one step more
Which parts me from the Heavenly shore.

'TIS JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

The Land that holds our treasures,
Where sin nor death can mar,
The land of lasting pleasures
Is not so very far;
'Tis only so in seeming,

And in our human fear,
For often in our dreaming
That land is very near—
The land where friends ne'er sever,
'Tis just across the River.

'Tis but a moment's journey,
A closing of the eye—
A fluttering breath, a turning
From earth all wearily;
A flight through regions airy,
Swift as a flashing beam—
A sail with boatmen wary
Over a narrow stream.
Bright land of the forever!
'Tis just across the River!

And when Faith's sunlight lingers
Upon the mystic tide,
Clouds, touched by angel fingers,
No more its glories hide.
Lost kindred, loved and loving,
So near us seem to stand,
That while mid earth scenes moving,
We clasp them hand to hand.
Fair land where love dies never!
'Tis just across the River!

Then wherefore this repining
For dear ones gone before?
Since Faith reveals them shining
Safe on the other shore.
Though lost to mortal vision,
They're never far away;
And soon to their Elysian
Our weary feet may stray.
Home of the soul forever!
'Tis just across the River!

UNDER THE ROD.

"In faithfulness hast Thou afflicted me."

A shadow on our pathway, cold and drear!
Life's day seemed wondrous bright,
We dreamed not that so dark a night
Of woe could be to us so very near.

We sported with the pleasant things of earth
And thought, "Ah, it is well
With us, our joy we cannot tell."
And inly sighed that ill should e'er have birth.

Then came the stroke—joy turned to grief,
And light to darkness grim.
Sweet, to a bitter cup, the brim
Pressed to our lips. Earth brought us no relief.

The firstling of our flock! - "Dear Lord," we cried.
"Take any other, spare
This best beloved, so young and fair!"
In vain—the Spoiler touched, she drooped and died.

In her fresh maidenhood, when every day
Added new grace; when life
Was joy, and coming years all rife
With promise, from our sight she passed away.

Our clinging love was riven; in dumb despair
We loosed our tender hold,
Pressed the dear lips so pale and cold,
Laid her beneath the snow and left her there.

Ah, must it be! do we so need the rod,
Dear Lord? Have we so strayed
From Thee and duty? As we prayed
We heard, "Be still and know that I am God."

"Thy God and Father; can I be unkind,
Or needlessly chastise
The child I love? Am I not wise
And pitiful, to mercy most inclined?

This trial is a blessing, trust Me now—
Though thy weak sense can see
Only a painful mystery,
Believe 'tis best—hereafter thou shalt know.

Thy treasure is not lost, 'tis safe with Me;
Lifted above thy reach
Till learned the lesson I would teach
Of upward looking, then restored to thee."

Father, 'tis right. O throbbing heart be still!
O human blindness! trust
The hand that lays thee in the dust
But to uplift thee, mingling good with ill.

Too long we've lived for Earth, and worshiped Self;
Dear Lord, forgive our sin;
Unbar our hearts and enter in,
Take what Thou wilt, only leave there Thyself.

IN DARKNESS.

"The light of mine eyes is gone from me."

Written for a widowed mother on the death of her only child.

Alone and desolate but for Thy presence, Lord;
O come and lift me from this vale of grief!
Thy hand hath smitten me, and only in Thy word,
Thy loving promise can I find relief.

No sorrow seems like mine, so helpless, heavy, deep;
My life, my joy, my earthly comfort gone!
Gone from my sight, can I do else but weep?
Pity and pardon me if it is wrong.

I know Thy cross was heavier, and keener still
The agony that weighed Thy spirit down,
As mid the shadows of Gethsemane Thy will
Bowed to the Father's, meekly bore His frown.

But oh this mortal weakness! when I try to say
“Thy will, not mine, be done,” my heart grows faint
And questions wildly, “Was there not some other way
I could be chastened and esteemed a saint?”

Jesus, forsake me not, remember Thine own woe,
And then forgive Thy sinning, sorrowing child;
Weakly I lean on Thee, Thy grace and strength bestow,
Calm with Thy peace grief’s billows dark and wild.

I would be patient, would in trustful quiet rest
Upon Thy love along my lonely way,
And wait, believing all Thou dost is surely best,
Till the unfolding of a brighter day.

LULIE'S FIRST BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.

March 10, 1867.

Thirteen to-day! Child of our love, how bright
Would be thy smile upon this natal morn
If thou wert here!
How joyously our hearts have hailed the light
Of the glad day when thou wert born,
Year after year!

And how would we delight our love to show
By bringing gifts to gladden thy young heart
Again to-day.

But ah! a shadow hides our sunshine now;
We seek thee vainly, for alas! thou art
Far, far away.

So far, and yet I seem to feel thee near,
E'en at my side, as now with saddened thought
I think of thee,
Thy kiss is on my cheek as once so dear,
Thy loving words and ways are freshly brought
All back to me.

Ah! little did we dream a year ago—
And thou so full of life and joy to greet
Thy birthday dawn—
When next it came we should be mourning so,
And walking 'neath a cloud with weary feet,
Thy presence gone.

We held thee then as but a child—our own—
Nor dreamed how soon thy girlhood would expand
With wondrous grace
To angel womanhood, all wisdom known,
All beauty thine, as with the seraph band
Thou hast a place.

Lifted so far above us, we no more
Can teach thee, but ourselves might humbly learn
Lessons refined
From thee to-day, vast depths of heavenly lore,
Could we such spirit mysteries discern
With mortal mind.

Only thirteen! so early done with life
Below, its tiresome tasks and teachers dull;
Wearied no more
With study, nor with hindering pain at strife,
But happy freedom, knowledge ripe and full
Thine evermore!

And yet our hearts with selfish yearning long
To clasp thee, darling, in our arms again;
Feel thy warm breath
Mingling with ours, to hear thy gleeful song
Ring through these silent halls where only reign
Echoes of death.

But we repress the wish, the murmur quell;
Stay with the angels, it is better so:
Folded above
In the Good Shepherd's arms. Ah! it is well;
This world is wearisome, and mixed with woe
All finite love.

Perhaps thou art the centre of our band
Of gathered ones to-day, to each endeared;
And while we weep
They praise, a cherub sister holds thy hand,
And he whose dreary age thy sunshine cheered,
With some unknown till now, in that fair land,
Thy birthday keep.

Let it be so, and as this day returns
With sacred mem'ry, 'twill be joy to think
How year by year
The happy hour for which our spirit yearns,
The blest Reunion at the River's brink,
Is drawing near.

“SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.”

Mark x : 14.

We listen, charmed with Jesus' sweet command,
And long to place beneath His loving hand
Our little ones, that they may early be
Folded in His kind arms so tenderly.
But soon He sends his angel Death to some,
And calls more clearly, “Let the children come.”

And then we start and wildly cry, “Lord, nay,
Oh make them Thine, but let them with us stay;
This world will be so dark, so sadly still
Without their glee the dreary void to fill.”
“Forbid them not”—the Voice thrills through our
home—
“Suffer the children unto Me to come.”

“Cut loose those clinging tendrils though they bleed;
Unclasp thine arms and let the spirit freed
Wing its glad flight to brighter spheres above,
To know My better care, My deeper love.
Safe in My fold, they nevermore shall roam.
Suffer the children unto Me to come.”

"Thy prayer is heard, though you may call them *dead*,
With Me they *live*, and on each angel head
My hand in blessing rests, My arms enfold
Each infant form; here they shall ne'er grow old,
Nor want nor sorrow know in this blest Home;
Suffer the children unto Me to come."

Dear Lord! we know, we feel that this is so.
Oh, give us strength to let our dear ones go
At Thy command, to strive more earnestly
To train the living for eternity—
That they may share the same unshadowed Home
With Thee who said, "Let the dear children come."

"IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?"

II Kings iv: 26.

Yes, it is well, though fast the tears are falling,
And sobs of anguish rend the breast.
We know it was the Saviour gently calling
"Come to My bosom, little one, and rest."
So it is well.

'Twas hard to see our little darling wrestling
With the Death angel's fearful power,
And know how soon she would asleep be nestling
In his cold arms to wake on earth no more.
Yet it is well.

And when she seemed so peacefully reposing
In her sweet infant loveliness,
'Twas hard to see the dark grave o'er her closing
And hiding the dear form from our caress,
Still it is well.

Too frail for earth, our little fragile flower,
Saved from the chilling frosts of life,
Transplanted early to a heavenly bower,
Will ever bloom, untouched by care or strife,
So it is well.

God loved our child and took her deathless spirit
Up to His own all-glorious Home,
To dwell with angels and their bliss inherit,
For Jesus said, "Let little children come."
Then it is well.

His love is stronger than our weak affection
However well we *think* we love,
And better far than ours, His sure protection,
Fairer than mansions here, His House above.
Yes, it is well.

In that safe fold, no pain or want molesting,
Secure from childhood's wild alarms,
Forever blest, our precious lamb is resting
Sweetly in the Good Shepherd's loving arms.
Ah yes, 'tis well.

Those little feet would here be often weary
And led to stray in paths of sin;
Shadowed too oft by clouds and tempests dreary,
Might fail at last the victor's crown to win;
'Tis well, 'tis well.

Now early saved from Life's stern care and duty,
From Time's assoil and Death's dark fear,
Our darling lives to grow in angel beauty,
And taste fresh joy with every added year;
Yes, yes, 'tis well!

Father! be pitiful, grant resignation;
In this weak hour be Thou our stay.
Forgive our human grief, send consolation,
And give us strength and courage still to say
Lord, it is well.

ON THE BRINK OF THE RIVER.

May 13, 1867.

By the brink of the shaded River
God called me to walk one day.
Oh! the chilliness made me shiver,
And I tried to turn away.

But my hand was clasped in another,
A hand that had held me fast
All my life. Ah! who like a mother
So fondly clings to the last?

Together we pressed near and nearer,
Till we touched the waters wild.
I started, her calm look said clearer
Than words, "I'm going, my child."
"Going far over the River
Where our dear ones wait for me.
The angels will take me safe over,
And shortly will come for thee."

Then wildly I sought to detain her
With a fond clinging caress;
Praying, "Father! oh let me retain her
This dreary life yet to bless."
But while I thus cried out for pity,
She saw, what I could not see,
The gates of the wonderful City
Wide open across the sea.

And all my entreaties unheeding,
Away on the darkling tide
Her spirit too swiftly receding,
Left me alone on this side;
Alone on the brink of the River
Bewildered with darkness and woe,
In my heart a terrible quiver,
In my ear the sad waves flow.

But while with eye fixed and breath bated,
Longing vainly for one sight more
Of my vanishing joy, I waited,
A wave from the farther shore
Brought ripples of heavenly music,
A welcoming choral sound,
And flashes of wonderful glory
Illumined the clouds around.

Then I seemed with the spirit's assistance
Brought nearer the far-off land,
Where faces I knew in the distance
Shone bright mid the white-robed band,
And I heard through the tuneful humming
A child's voice say to its mate,
"Look, Grandpa, dear Grandma is coming!
Let us meet her at the Gate."

And over the pavement golden,
On through the beautiful street,
With others more steady and olden
Tripped lightly the little feet.
And oh! what a rapturous greeting,
What folding in love's embrace,
My lost one received at the meeting
Of kindred in that bright place.

Then slowly the glittering portal
Closed on my wondering sight;
And back to the shades of the mortal,
Alone in the stillness of night,
I stood on the brink of the River,
Parted from Love evermore,
Till its waves my soul shall deliver
From earth to yonder fair shore.

And back to Life's pilgrimage dreary,
Back to my sorrow and tears,
I turned heavy-hearted and weary,
To tread out the coming years.
But a light from the shore Elysian
Oft glimmers across the sea;
And the thought of my Heavenly vision
Brings comfort and strength to me.

A MINOR STRAIN.

Gladness and beauty everywhere!
The earth and sky, birds of the air
And creeping things, rejoice to give
Praises to Him who bids them live.

All Nature thrills beneath a touch divine;
Then why so sadly still, O heart of mine!

Sweet Summer, beautiful and bright,
Scatters its charms of sound and sight,
Sunshine and song, fragrance and bloom,
Leaving for selfish grief no room.

But Summer grace nor melody can start
One note responsive in this silent heart.

So out of tune with Nature! sad,
When all Creation seems most glad!
Oh thankless heart, thus to repine
Because God's purpose crosses thine!
So like a wilful child to chafe and fret,
And all thy Father's lovingness forget.

What though the heart is still that loved thee best;
The hands for thee so busy ever, rest.
Eyes that have met thine own with Love's fond ray,
Will gladden nevermore Life's weary way;
The voice, unequalled in its power to bless,
Is hushed? Yet does God love thee less?

Not less, but more; this chastening proves
His Fatherhood, how *much* He loves.
How He would draw His wandering child
Close to Himself from dangers wild;
He lifts the rod, but in one hand the while
Holds out the cup of comfort with a smile.

The smile of God! how lovingly
It rests on all His works! Then be
Assured, O smitten heart! and wake
Your harp to praise, its silence break.
Join in the spherical harmony again,
E'en though it must be in a *minor strain*.

THE VANISHED HAND.

Oh, "the touch of a vanished hand!"
It comes to me o'er and o'er,
As I wander in dreams mid the golden sand
And drifts on Mem'ry's shore.

Through the portals of my sleep
Bright visions flit to and fro;
Like a child I laugh, and again I weep,
As I did in the long ago.

And anear me I see a face
Bent as in loving caress,
With a smile I know in its silent grace
And its old-time tenderness.

And with it that "vanished hand,"
Those fingers so deft and fair,
So oft uplifted in gentle command,
Or laid on my rumpled hair,

Again is as tenderly pressed
On my wishful, throbbing brow,
And the touch transfigures the fading Past
Into a glorified Now.

Oh the vanished things of earth
Are never so far away,
But stillness and shadow can give them birth
With the strength of eternal day!

A YEAR AGO.

May 13, 1868.

How near, and yet how far off seems
That point of time—the dreary day
That quenched in night its brightest gleams—
As cold and silent our beloved lay
So beautiful in her last sleep,
Smiling, while we in anguish weep.
O day of woe! One year ago!

A year ago!
And yet it seems but yesterday
 We tasted of the cup of grief,
So long its bitterness doth stay,
 So little has Time brought relief;
And Memory so freshly rolls
The tide of sorrow o'er our souls;
 Yet 'twas, we know, a year ago.

Only a year?
Rather an age of weary years!
 Uncounted cycles dim and vast!
So bridgeless the dark gulf appears
 Between the Present and the Past.
So far off seems the happy day
When the dear presence cheered our way;
 Though it was so one year ago.

Ah what is life?
When the dear mother-love that blessed
 And made it life is once withdrawn,
And the heart vainly seeks the rest
 Unfailing since its being's dawn?
'Tis a long night without a star—
A waiting for some joy afar—
 God taught us so, a year ago.

And dost thou know,
Dear one, how thy poor orphaned child,
 Homesick and lone, yearns after thee?
How Earth seems but a dreary wild
 Since thy fond smile was hid from me?
Hast thou been near my grief to quell
 With silent love, since on us fell
That cloud of woe, a year ago?

I see thee still
In peaceful visions of the night,
 Beside thee, I forget my pain,
As round me plays the dear home light

Without a shadow once again.
But while I gaze on thy bright face,
Waking, thou'rt gone from my embrace,
As thou didst go a year ago.

From childhood's hour
I've thought 'twould surely break my heart
To see thee *die*, and have to bear
Life's burdens on from thee apart.
And yet I live, and sometimes wear
A smile—as if there were no ache
Within—as though I did not wake
To miss thee so, a year ago!

Ah, is it true
That thy freed spirit lingers near
With ministrations sweet to give
The strength to check the starting tear,
Courage and patience yet to live?
Then, wondering heart, the reason see
Thou didst not break in agony
When smitten so, a year ago.

Thank God, my soul,
That Heaven is not so far away
But that our loved ones, lost to sight,
Beside us yet may ever stay
To make our darkest moments light.
And still the mother-love, so sweet,
May watch and guide my stumbling feet,
Though lost below, a year ago.

A year ago!
What an eternity of joy
And peace, beloved, has been thine,
Of blessedness without alloy!
Then why should sighs and tears be mine?
Why should a murmur cross my breast
That thou didst enter into rest
Amid our woe, a year ago?

"AFTERWARD."

Not while the surging billows roll
And overwhelm the struggling soul,
While darkness black as Egypt's night
Shuts out all gleams of Heaven's light;
Not then the blessing comes to show
The fruits that from affliction grow,
But "afterward."

Not while the bleeding, breaking heart
Aches 'neath the chastening's keenest smart,
And counting o'er its woes again
Can only throb with bitter pain;
Not then the wounded soul can know
The fruits that from such anguish grow,
But "afterward."

Not while with quivering lip and eye
We watch our dear ones fade and die,
Or gaze into the open grave,
Feeling our impotence to save,
Then, only grievous seems the case—
The peaceful fruits of righteousness
Come "afterward."

When the first tempest gust is o'er,
Calmed by a Voice unheard before,
When God's own hand the clouds uplift,
And stars beam brightly through the rift,
'Tis then the heart begins to know
What fruit from sorest grief below
Comes "afterward."

When Heavenly grace so pure and calm,
Pours o'er the wound its healing balm;
While the sweet Comforter is near
To whisper words of holy cheer;
The troubled spirit then may know
What blessedness from pain can flow
Long "afterward."

When some bright flower, till then unknown,
Springs, with a beauty all its own,
Beside the path so drear before,
And lives a blessing evermore;
The lonely heart then learns to smile,
Counting its treasures less the while,
But "afterward."

But ah! not yet may we discern
One half the blessedness, nor learn
The hidden good that lurks within
Each stroke of painful discipline.
Only in Heaven can we know
All the rich fruit which earthly woe
Yields "afterward."

A TRIBUTE OF GRATEFUL LOVE.

E. J. S.

Gone from our sight, yet truly present still,
And living in the lives and hearts
Her forceful soul did early touch and thrill
With the diviner life such power imparts.

In many a home the impress of her thought
And culture may be clearly shown,
As her sweet graciousness is daily taught
By mother-love in word and tone.

O'er many a path oft rugged and forlorn,
Theré shines through memory's lengthened aisle—
And clouds uplift, new hope and strength are born—
The light of her benignant smile.

Hers was a subtle charm—we could not tell—
Was it the stately form, the face
So fair, the love-lit eye, the words that fell
In gentle tones, the winning grace

Of sympathy, that wove the wondrous spell
 Around young hearts? Yea, all combined
And more—the selfless soul which bore so well
 The image of the Christ it shrined.

She cannot die; a life so strong, so pure,
 So beautiful can never cease;
Breathed into other lives 'twill still endure,
 And grow in blessing as the years increase.

Beside her native hills, beneath the flowers
 She loved, the mortal is at rest;
But the sweet spirit-life will still be ours,
 An inspiration ever blest.

TO ONE BELOVED.

Friend of my life! how can I let thee go
 Behind the veil, beyond my sight
 And touch, and lose the light
Of those dear eyes, so long my joy below?

How can I give thee up, and know no more
 The sweet refreshment of thy love—
 To me all earthly springs above—
Through lonely desert paths that lie before?

How can I live and know each passing day
 Widens the space from the dear Past,
 When days were bright from first to last,
For thy fond smile made sunshine all the way?

Only one star, beloved, can illume
 The shadow by thine absence cast;
 The thought that each dark night once past
Brings nearer the glad dawn beyond the tomb

When we shall meet again, and I shall know
 Such love as thine can never end;
 And for the gift of such a friend
Praise to the Giver evermore bestow.

TIMES AND SEASONS

THE REAWAKENING.

Behold again the dreary earth awaking
From Winter's lengthened slumber!
Flushed with new life, a robe of freshness taking,
Spring's brighter days to number.

Nature, so late in deathlike gloom enshrouded,
Rises in vernal beauty;
Each buried germ wakes from its tomb unclouded
And springs to joyful duty.

A viewless power is everywhere performing
A daily resurrection;
Bleak wastes, dead trees and barren fields transforming
To blossoming perfection.

May the same Power our lifeless souls inherit,
And our dead faith enliven;
Come with Thy quickening breath, Creator Spirit,
And help us live for Heaven.

At this glad season when Thy might is thrilling
The pulses of Creation,
Revive our sluggish powers, our spirits filling
With holy inspiration.

Then shall each hidden germ of grace unfolding
In living strength and beauty,
With bud and fruitage bloom', no more withholding
Its true and thankful duty.

So when shall end for us this earthly dreaming—
Time's wintry hours hastening—
Our ransomed souls shall rise, with glory beaming,
To Springtime everlasting.

SPRINGTIME.

The Lord is walking with a stately tread
Amid earth's gardens, and behold! the dead,
At His revivifying breath,
Spring from the icy grasp of death!
Gladly a quick obedience give
To His command, "Arise, and live."
His hand is on creation's heart, so still;
The life-tide flows, the pulses throb and thrill
With conscious being, and a rosy hue
Her pale and rigid features clothes anew.

Gently His fingers touch the silent loom
Of nature, and its wheels begin to move,
And swiftly weave the Springtide's robe of bloom
So noiselessly; its motive power, love.

O wonder-working will!
Sublime, supernal skill!
A touch, a word, a breath
Revives, reclaims from death,
Spreads waving verdure over hillsides bare,
Awakens life and beauty everywhere.

O Lord, Thy people, with attentive ear,
Thy tread in Zion's gardens wait to hear;
Shrouded in more than wintry gloom,
We watch and sigh for vernal bloom.
Thy Spirit's quickening breath alone
Can kindle life in hearts of stone,
Reanimate dead souls, fresh vigor give,
Bid the asleep in sin, awake and live.
Come, source of Life and Light and Spring,
To Thine own vineyard fruitage bring.

SEED-TIME.

The promise does not fail, seed-time again
Returns, and Earth with hope, delayed, revives.
The genial sunshine and the gentle rain
Begin their work and Springtime beauty lives.

Again the hills resound with notes of Spring,
The ploughman's whistle, and the sower's song;
The iron share cutting with cheery ring
The hardened turf untilled by man so long.

With patient toil we tread the furrows deep,
And scatter seed with an unsparing hand;
Then wait and watch, assured that we shall reap
When promised harvests wave o'er all the land.
Thus should we sow with patient trustful care
In better fields the Gospel's precious seed;
Then watch and wait with humble faithful prayer
Till God's own time shall bring our promised meed.

Dear Lord, so long we've sowed in hope and tears,
In mellow soil and by the wayside some;
But little fruit of all our toil appears;
'Tis seed-time yet—when will the harvest come?
We know Thy promise standeth just as sure
In moral as in natural husbandry;
Then give us faith and courage to endure,
E'en though we reap not till Eternity.

AUTUMN CONTRASTS.

How wondrously bright are these Autumn days,
This sunset time of the year!
When the forests are tinged with crimson rays,
And the skies in golden appear.

"Tis now God gives in His fullness of love
To Nature, His favorite child,
A robe many-tinted of beauty inwove
With a royalty undefiled.

A rainbow-like halo each eve enwreathes
Its glory o'er hilltop and vale;
But sad to my ear is the rustle of leaves,
And the echoing wind's low wail.

It tells of a summer of gladness gone,
Of death to the lily and rose;
Of pleasures departed and harvesting done—
A year hastening on to its close.

It wakens a sigh for the loved and the lost
Who sleep in the churchyard alone;
Where the leaflets fade with the earliest frost,
And the breeze has a dirge-like tone.

Yet mid all these tokens of earthly decay
The promise of God standeth sure—
That death bringeth life, and Winter's dark day
Spring heralds, while Time shall endure.

Thus ever Earth's blessings compounded we meet,
Thus mingles October with May;
'Tis sunshine and shadow, the bitter and sweet,
The grave undertoning the gay.

But Faith whispers sweetly of blessings to come,
Unmingled with sorrow or strife;
A Springtime eternal, an unfading Home,
A deathless, unchangeable Life!

THE DEATH OF THE LEAVES.

I walk my garden with a heavy tread;
A grief I cannot tell
Steals o'er me as I see
The things I love so well,
The bright young leaves fall round me withered, dead.

Of late so beautiful, they glorified
Our earth with emerald crown;
Now low they lie and meekly die,
In death-robes russet brown,
Fluttering in air, or in dark hollows hide.

Heaps upon heaps they lie unburied yet,
Waiting till snow-flakes spread
 A saintly pall over them all,
And cover up the dead,
While wintry winds chant dirges of regret.

A short, sweet life was theirs, yet not in vain;
Through the long Summer day,
 A welcome shade their arches made
From the sun's scorching ray,
Where weary man and beast might rest again.

Nor shall they die in vain; freely they give
Their beauty to decay,
 And in their death impart new breath
To germs that Spring's bright day
Shall bid arise in beauteous forms to live.

O gentle leaves! I have a lesson read
In this brief hour of thought:
 May my life be a ministry,
Like yours, with good so fraught
That one at least may mourn when I am dead.

THE FIRST FROST.

A blight upon our fair Creation rests!
The face of Nature, yesterday so bright,
Downcast and sorrowful appears to-day.
The lingering Summer bloom is gone, for lo!
In the still night, while men unconscious slept,
A spirit stern and cold with noiseless tread
Walked o'er the earth, and ruin marks his track.
He breathed upon the flowers, and they died;
He laid his chilling hand upon the leaves,
And they hang limp and lifeless from their stems.
He pressed his foot on Nature's tender heart,
And sent through every nerve a thrill of pain.
Quickly the bounding pulse of growth is stopped,
And in the place of living beauty lie
Only still, blackened corpses in decay.

So we have seen the hope of some young life,
The opening buds of childhood's love and truth,
Ruthlessly nipped in all their summer bloom,
By biting word of blame or cruel scorn.
Unkindness, like the frost, withers the heart
And checks the growth of loving thoughts and deeds;
It turns the tide of generous feeling back
Into itself, which else would gush and flow
In living streams of good to all around.
And though the morning sun with fondling beams
Strives to undo the ill, and warm to life
Again the beauteous dead, 'tis all in vain—
The fount of life is dried to flow no more
Till the eternal resurrection day.

Oh wound not then the spirit of a child!
Deal gently with the tender chords that thrill
By e'en so slight a touch with joy or pain.
A careless word or act may blight for aye
The germ of a true life designed to bless
The world; and all the sunny afterglow
Of love and care will unavailing be
To nurse that frosted bud into a flower.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

In War Time, 1863.

Once more returns the hallowed day of praise,
When Pilgrim faith uplifted grateful lays,
Thus bend we now at sacred shrines and raise
Our thanks to Thee, O God!

For bounteous blessings, health and harvests rare,
New springs of good o'erflowing everywhere,
For gifts of grace, a loving Father's care,
We thank Thee, O our God!

Though traitor's schemes have brought us woes untold,
O'er our fair land War's direful streams have rolled,
Still for the light we through the clouds behold,
We thank Thee, O our God!

Though shadows deep on many hearthstones rest,
Where Sorrow sits, an uninvited guest,
And thoughts of vanished ones fill every breast,
 We thank Thee still, O God!

For loyalty supreme, for patriots brave,
True, dauntless souls who peril life to save
Our heritage from an ignoble grave,
 We thank Thee, O our God!

For vic'tries to our arms, to Truth and Right,
For universal Freedom's dawning light,
For growing Righteousness, a nation's might,
 We thank Thee, O our God!

For Thine own Self revealed, a sovereign Will
Guiding all worlds Thy purpose to fulfill,
Our Father's Refuge, our strong Fortress still!
 We thank Thee, O our God!

Oh hear our prayer and by Thy might restore
Union and Peace to our dear land once more.
Then grateful hearts shall praise Thee evermore,
 And thank Thee, O our God!

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For Peace, November, 1865.

Great God! again we sing
 Our yearly hymn of praise;
Once more our tribute bring
 In glad thanksgiving lays.
Thy bounteous hand,
 With boundless love
Has blessed our land
 All lands above.

Thy kind parental care
 Has kept from want and woe,
Commanded harvests rare
 For future need to grow.

For daily food
And gifts of grace,
Oh Lord, our God!
Thy name we praise.

A blessing greater still
Has crowned the passing year;
Mid conflict's direful ill,
Sweet Peace again draws near.
The dismal sound
Of strife is o'er,
And brothers found
Learn war no more.

Author of Peace! receive
A nation's thankful song;
The vict'ries we achieve
To Thine own arm belong.
United hearts
In this glad hour
To Thee ascribe
All praise and power.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Hark! what a solemn sound falls on the ear!
Floating on midnight air
Like a saint's dying prayer;
It is the knell of the departing year!

Dirge-like and low its tone, then swells again
Like the wild surges' moan,
Or the deep thunder's groan;
Now, like the windharp's sadly plaintive strain.

Softly its lingering echoes seem to say,
Clear as the tolling bell,
"Mortals, a long farewell;
Man, Earth and Time are passing swift away."

Farewell, Old Year! thy sands are ebbing fast;
Burdened with hopes and fears,
Softened with sorrow's tears,
Go to thy grave in the oblivious Past.

There in the stillness of that shadowy dome,
Where buried Ages sleep,
In slumber, dreamless, deep,
Mid tombstones of thy sires thou'll find a home.

Nor shalt thou e'er to us again return;
Thy priceless moments given
To fit the soul for Heaven
Are gone, though long the vital spark may burn.

Faded are many glowing dreams of Youth,
Which at thy joyous birth
Were bright with hopes of earth;
Now all unrealized they yield to Truth.

And many visions, too, of riper years,
Gay pleasures of a day,
With thee will pass away,
And hearts, once crowned with smiles, will bow in tears.

Sad memories cluster round thy fleeting form,
For snowflakes lightly rest
On many a loving breast,
Which when thy course began with life was warm.

Now the last echo of the parting chime
Is lost upon the breeze
Which sighs through forest trees
A mournful requiem for the passing Time.

Up the recording Angel wings his flight
To the great Court above,
Where Justice throned with Love
Receives his record writ in words of light.

"Another year has flown! its blessings spurned,
Man will review with grief;
And now, another leaf
In the great book of human life is turned."

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

The year is dying, slowly dying;
 Gather softly round his bed,
Wearily behold him lying,
While Earth's many voices, sighing
 Chant a requiem for the dead.

Breathe a loving prayer of blessing
 In the aged pilgrim's ear;
Our misdeeds to him confessing,
Thanks for every good expressing,
 Strive his dying hour to cheer.

Faithfully his servant willing
 His appointed race has run;
God's own purposes fulfilling,
Human destiny revealing
 Patiently from sun to sun.

Now his earthly record's ended,
 Nothing more remains to tell.
Let the hero die, attended
By Hope and Love and Sorrow blended,
 While we say, "Old year, farewell!"

A NEW YEAR REVERIE.

Another year with hope and promise bright
Is dawning on mankind. Upon the arch
Of time spanning the narrow gulf which parts
The Old and New we stand with solemn thought
And view at once the swift receding wave
Of the past year and the unruffled stream
Of that to come. Soon we shall launch our bark
Upon the onward tide to meet its toil
And danger, calm or storm, unknown as yet,
And leave upon its shores a witness true
That we have passed that way.

The rushing breeze
Brings to our ears a murmur from the past,
A minor undertone of human woe:
Lost hopes, departed joys and buried loves
Gone with the year! By many a home there rests
Death's dreary shadow, and the festive board
Lacks the full joy of an unbroken band.
And yet all is not sad. Blessings from God,
Like Israel's daily manna, fresh and free,
Have fallen on our path. So thankfully
We cast aside our sorrow as we close
The record of the dying year.

Behold

Before us like a field of spotless snow,
Pure and untrodden, lies the fresh new year;
Untracked by man, unstained by aught of sin
Or grief. We pause ere yet our footstep makes
Its mark thereon and seek for strength above
That we may plant it wisely, nobly, well.
The past is gone, the future is our own
To dim or brighten by deeds good or ill.
Let us go bravely forth, trusting in God,
And fearing naught but sin, to earnest work
For Christ and man, that we may leave the print
Of only lofty thoughts and words and deeds,
Which to some wandering soul that follows on
May make the coming year the road to Heaven.

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

Once more I stand beside an open door—
The New Year's portal—and, as oft before,
I pause upon the threshold, almost fear
To enter the unknown domain; to hear
The echo of my footsteps, as they break
The silence of the yet unpeopled way;
To meet the waiting changes, and to take
My part in life's new drama, day by day.

And yet, I cannot linger; swiftly glide
The moments, and the door swings open wide.
I am within, and cannot backward trace
One single step; but patiently must face
What e'er may come, assured that good or ill,
One who knows all the way will lead me still.

The Old Year brought me sorrow, shall the New
Bring only joy? Shall he my pathway strew
With flowers, or thorns? I cannot tell; in vain
I peer into the shadow dim to gain
One glimpse of the beyond. I can but pray
“Lead Thou me on,” in faith’s unquestioning way.
Let the crushed roses of the past exhale
Their fragrance through the New Year’s dubious vale.

“Lead Thou me on.” Let this year see attained
Some truer good, some loftier summit gained
In spirit life; some higher steps in grace
Lead Thou my wavering feet to trace.
To better service, a more steadfast zeal
Guide me and make Thy guiding real;
With my weak hand in Thine, O, Master dear,
I would begin and end this fresh New Year.

“HAPPY NEW YEAR!”

Why this doleful wail of sadness,
Every year?
Undertoning all our gladness,
Every year?
Why at fleeting years so fretful,
Of the dead Past so regretful,
Of the living Now forgetful,
Every year?

Is not God in wisdom guiding
Every year?
Though to us His purpose hiding,
Every year?

Joy there is for every sorrow,
For each night a bright to-morrow,
From the Past fresh strength we borrow,
Every year?

Faith and Hope are growing stronger,
Every year;
As the trodden way grows longer,
Every year.

Left behind the paths most dreary,
Passed the doubts that vex and weary,
Brighter gleams the sunshine cheery,
Every year.

Fewer cares and lighter burdens,
Every year.

Brighter hopes and truer guerdons,
Every year.

Earthly joys may fade forever,
Earthly ties to friends may sever,
One there is more dear than ever,
Every year.

And the Father's house is dearer,
Every year;

And our lost ones coming nearer,
Every year;

Less is there below to charm us,
Less in "growing old" to harm us,
Less does the unknown alarm us
Every year.

Let us then cease such repining,
Every year,

And believe the Love o'ershining,
Every year.

Things that are behind forgetting,
Onward press without regretting,
To the morn that knows no setting,
Blest New Year!

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

What shall I ask for thee, my child,
 What shall I ask for thee?
A birthday gift of gold most rare,
Some costly treasure, rich and fair,
 To fill thy heart with glee?

What shall I ask for thee, my child,
 What shall I ask for thee?
Shall I ask that beauty's charms be thine,
So mid the gay thou'l^t gayly shine,
 The brightest star to be?

What shall I ask for thee, my child,
 What shall I ask for thee?
That fortune may her gifts bestow,
That thou no want or care may know,
 No earthly sorrow see?

Not these I ask for thee, my child,
 Not these I ask for thee;
A better birthday wish is mine—
'Tis that the best of gifts be thine,
 A heart from sin made free.

A heart of love to Him who died
 On Calvary's cruel tree;
A clean white robe of grace to wear,
The Saviour's lovely image bear;
 'Tis this I ask for thee.

Yes, this I ask for thee, my child,
 This good I ask for thee:
The pearl of greatest price to own,
A child of Jesus to be known,
 And Heaven thy home to be.

ON TAKING DOWN THE CHRISTMAS GREENS.

Take down the faded wreaths,
Untwine the garlands gay,
Though the glad time we hung them up
Seems but as yesterday.
And from their crumbling leaves
We still can almost hear
The echoes of the Carols sweet
And Greetings of New Year.

But ah! full well we know
The festive season's o'er;
And treading in life's dusty ways
We find ourselves once more.
Swifter than wheels of steam
The golden hours have rolled;
And while we dreamed the year was young,
We wake to find it old.

Now clear above the din
Of daily toil and care,
We hear again in solemn tones
The Lenten call to prayer;
Bidding us turn from pleasure's round,
A higher joy to find
In fellowship with Him whose death
Gave life to all mankind.

Thus do the years go on,
And times and seasons glide,
Till soon the story of our life
Is closed and laid aside.
Ah! Life's a mystic page!
In vain we strive to scan
The hidden thought between the lines—
God's purposes to man.

NIGHT.

Thank God for night! I say,
As weary with the toils of day
 And turmoils of the light,
I draw the curtains of my bed,
And pillowing my aching head,
 Thank God for night.

Night! Time of rest so rare,
From earth's perplexing thought and care.
 Respite from sound and sight;
As deepening shadows softly fall,
A holy silence broods o'er all,
 And it is night.

The strife of tongues, the city's din,
The sight of toiling, tired men,
 Go with the glaring light;
And quiet comes mid softer gleams,
Wooing the soul to peaceful dreams—
 Thank God for night!

So when Life's cares are past,
And Death's deep shade is on us cast,
 May we in calm delight
Look up with cheerful faith and say,
“Farewell to Earth's long, dreary day,
 Thank God for night!”

TRUE WORSHIP.

A Summer Reverie.

Not in cathedral dim nor temple grand,
Where gay-robed throngs with seeming rev'rence meet,
And studied eloquence in silver tones
Proclaims the truth that Christ so simply spake,
Is truest worship found; for here, alas!
Is outward show and circumstance, and thought
Of man, and the poor heart, diverted, seeks

Some other shrine, and bows too oft to gods
Of earthly mould. The words of Gospel grace
Fall on the ear like echoes from afar,
Which give no certain sound, but idly die.

God is a Spirit, and His worshipers
Must in the spirit bend and give Him all
Their thought—rising aloft on wings of prayer
Till Earth with its vain show of human pride
Seems but a speck of glittering dust below.
Let him who thus would worship seek alone
The forest shade where living arches ring
With purest song, and every sight and sound
Whispers of God. Or mid the “templed hills”
Go forth when Summer crowns them all
With touches visible of the dear Hand
You fain would clasp. Or on a cloudless night
Gaze upward to the star-gemmed depths of blue,
And think how worlds on worlds are piled, and each
Its order keeps, until the mind, absorbed,
Forgets itself, outborne and overborne
Upon Infinity, whose name is God.

Oh! it is when the longing soul lies close
To Nature, heart to heart, throwing aside
Enwrapping care and toil, as tired child
Its cumb’ring robes at night, feeling the throb
Of fair Creation’s pulse, so full of life
From the eternal Fount, and listening catch
Her praiseful intonations, sweeter far
Than organ’s swell or voice of cultured choir,
It worships best. Then self is out of sight,
And sense in holy adoration lost,
The spirit, only, lives and moves and loves
In the most loving, ever living One!
God in His handiwork is near—so near
You feel His Presence, almost think you hear
His footfall close beside you, and His voice,
So grand, yet tender, saying, “Child, be still
And rest, for rest is worshipful, and trust
Is praise!”

Ah! this is most like Heaven—most like
Angelic worship! One such silent hour
Of soul-communion mid the groves and hills
Is worth a thousand spent in utterance vain
Of wordy praise with crowds in stately courts,
Where famished souls too often only sigh
And seek for God, yet empty turn away.

OCCASIONAL

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

*Written for the Centennial of the First Presbyterian
Church of Morristown, N. J., Oct. 14, 1891.*

[To be read, rather than sung.]

God of the ages! Thou whose thought
The universe from chaos brought,
To whose supreme, unbounded view
There's nothing old, there's nothing new;
We, creatures of a day, would raise
Our humble tribute to Thy praise.

We praise Thee for the wondrous grace
That gives to man the highest place—
As "sons of God" on earth to be,
Joined in a glorious family;
Above, below, Thy church is one,
In fellowship with Christ the Son.

For special providential care—
A Century of blessings rare—
To this vine of Thy planting willed;
A bow of promises fulfilled,
Spanning from past to present days,
God of our fathers! Thee we praise!

We thank Thee for the patriot sires
Who through a Revolution's fires
Stood firm on Truth and Freedom's side,
And ere war's smouldering embers died,
With self-denying zeal and thought,
This goodly temple planned and wrought.

Thanks that its sturdy frame's withstood
A Century of storm and flood;
And year by year the patient bell
Has pealed its Sabbath message well.
God grant that church and bell may still
Their sacred mission long fulfill!

Thanks for the saintly men of yore,
Who meekly the church burdens bore;
Whose voices oft have thrilled this air
In tuneful song and fervent prayer.
In courts above we see them bend,
Their purer praise with ours to blend.

Thanks for the saintly women, too,
Who graced as well each ancient pew;
In work and worship glad to share,
Joining in song, if not in prayer.
The mothers of the past! whose lives
In children's children still survive.

We thank Thee, here no doubtful word
Of faith or doctrine ere was heard;
This pulpit has from first to last
To God's inspired word held fast;
Loyal to church and creed, unmoved
By critic's strife o'er faults unproved.

We thank Thee, Lord, for showers of grace
That have so often filled this place,
When by the Spirit's power led
Souls have by scores to Jesus fled,
And at His table Him confessed,
Ent'ring with joy, His service blest.

We thank Thee for the record bright
That this has been no hidden light;
But far and near its saving glow,
Has helped the nations Christ to know;
One with their Head, this people's care,
His cross to lift, His cause to share.

For covenant blessings manifold,
For precious memories yet untold,
For peace on earth and hope of heaven,
That through the years Thy love has given
To generations past and now,—
With praise before Thy throne we bow.

Let all who in this Zion dwell,
In grateful strains the chorus swell;
Young men and maidens, fair and strong,
Old men and children join the song.
In this Centennial praise unite,
To God, our God, of love and might.

L'ENVOI.

A Farewell to a dear young friend about to sail for India, as a Missionary.

Forth from the sheltering cote the carrier dove—
Guided by wondrous inner light—
To lands afar wings its brave flight,
Bearing its messages of peace and love.

So from the dear home nest where fondest love
Hath nurtured well to strength of wing—
Moved by an inward whispering—
Full fledged now speeds away *our* gentle dove.

The King's command not all in vain is heard—
“Go teach all nations in My name,
My matchless grace to man, proclaim”—
With quick response her willing soul is stirred.

And far away to “India's coral strand,”
Where hungry millions watch and wait
The Bread of Life which comes so late,
She hastens to bear Christ's message to that land.

With but one longing, lingering look behind
On what is left—her loved, her own—
To work untried, to fields unknown,
She takes her flight, joy in a cross to find.

And we—regretful—while our hearts still swell
With grateful joy that one so dear
Has heard the Master's voice so clear,
And yielded sweet assent, must say Farewell!

Yet we shall go with her, our prayers shall be
A loving presence all the way,
A glow by night, a shade by day,
For sure defence and guide o'er land and sea.

God bless our carrier dove so true and brave!
May Angel wings sustain her flight.
Ruler of all! by Thine own might
Hold back the stormy wind, calm the rough wave.

That only prospering breeze and gentle swell
May safely speed o'er ocean's crest,
To the far shore—the *new* home-nest—
Earth, air and sea, O guard our treasure well!

And when before her chosen work at length
She stands o'erwhelmed with fear
Of failure, Lord, be ever near;
Let “I am with thee alway,” be her strength.

Give nerve and courage tasks to undertake,
And untold misery to face—
Faith to present God's equal grace
For every need—and all for Christ's dear sake.

And grant, O Lord! the promised “hundredfold”
Of joy and blessing in this life
To her and her's, as mid the strife
Of good with ill Thy Cross they shall uphold.

Then when the way grows weary, and above
All toil is heard the call to rest,
Safe to the shelter of her early nest,
To waiting hearts bring back our carrier dove.

“MIZPAH.”

At sea.

The farewell word at last is spoken;
Dear home-links one by one are broken;
The best loved shore from sight is fading
With dimness tearful faces shading.

Over the bounding wave we go
Out of the reach of ice and snow;
Yet never warmer hearts to find
Than those so sadly left behind;
They on the land, I on the sea,
Watch, Lord, between them all and me.

Kindred and friends! to you still clinging,
Backward my soul its flight is winging;
Ah! can these rolling billows sever
Hearts linked in Love's bright circlet? Never!
Though far away awhile to dwell,
Oft shall I speed to scenes loved well.
Many a saddening change may come,
Ere I shall hear the "Welcome home";
But I can only trust in Thee,
Watch, Lord, between my friends and me.

The church we love, Lord, I commend it
To Thy rich grace; from ill defend it;
And the dear flock, our Sabbath treasure,
Care for them all in Thy good pleasure.

Keep the little ones in the fold,
Shelter them safe from want and cold;
Let them from week to week be fed
With crumbs of everlasting bread.
While I am absent on land or sea,
Watch, Lord, between my class and me.

OUR MANSE.

It stands in finished beauty; broad and firm
Are its foundations, strong its stately walls—
As fitted to endure through coming years
A monument of Christian faith and zeal.
Within, the tinted light falls cheerily
O'er graceful arch and polished floor, and through
The well appointed rooms like rainbow hues

Of promise, betokening peace and joy—
A fitting home of rest for him who serves
This ancient church of God.

But ah! to us

Who hopefully have watched its rise and end,
Above it rests a cloud—bright edged, 'tis true,—
For all God's hidden ways are just and kind—
But dark with disappointment and surcharged
With bitter grief. The gentle presence which
We fondly hoped would grace the finished home
Is missing there—the heart of home is gone—
Gone to a better dwelling, this we know,
A mansion far more fair; 'tis not for her
We mourn, 'tis for ourselves alone. And now
The shadow deepens as again the wing
Of the death-angel broods this time above
The cradle of the home—the household shrine
Where stricken hearts find hope and comfort sweet
In loving homage. Soon the baby-tones
Are hushed—the shrine is broken and fond arms
Are empty as the happy little soul
Leaps to the new-found mother's clinging clasp,
And the sweet waxen form is laid to sleep
Among the summer flowers.

Once more alone

The smitten one gives meekly back to God
The precious legacy of love and cheer,
And mutely bows beneath the added stroke.
Oh mystery supreme! We vainly ask
What does it mean? Then make reply "God knows."

Thus has our beauteous Manse been sanctified.
'Twill ever be a consecrated place,
Hallowed by tender memories, baptized
In sacred tears, and linked in holiest thought
With Heaven and white-robed angel-hood above.

AFTER A SABBATH-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Echoes float around us,
Waves of mingled sound;
Holy deep vibrations
In our hearts abound
Strains of earnest music,
Words of Christian cheer,
Thoughts that nerve to action
Linger in our ear.

Thanks to the "sweet Singer,"
For his feast of song—
Pure harmonic gospel,
Truth to treasure long—
Still the stirring carol
Trembles on the air,
"If you want a mission
Find it anywhere."

And we sit and listen,
Dreading lest the spell
Shall be rudely broken
By stern Duty's bell
Calling us, reluctant,
From the mount away
To lowly paths of labor,
To toil and watch and pray.

Not in vain we listen
The repeating strain;
Faith and Hope grow brighter,
Taking heart again,
We will lift our burden
With a stronger hand,
Looking unto Jesus,
Following His command.

Oh, the joy of living
In this world of sin
With so high a mission
 Precious souls to win!
With a full salvation
 Meeting every need,
And such a loving Master,
 Oh 'tis joy indeed!

What a blissful union
 Kindred spirits know,
As in sweet communion
 Thought and feeling flow;
One in Jesus ever,
 One in doing good,
In faith and deed forever
 A Christian brotherhood!

ANNIVERSARY HYMN FOR AN ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Once more old Time with swift and steady flight
Has brought around our Anniversary night;
In health and happiness again we meet,
And all our friends and patrons gladly greet.

Thanks to "Our Father" in our hearts abound—
For countless blessings the past year have crowned—
He who the sparrow feeds has ne'er forgot
The lonely orphan in his hapless lot.

No more in want or weariness we roam;
Through His rich bounty we have found a home.
From Summer's sultry heat and Winter's cold
We're safely sheltered in our pleasant fold.

The harvest's past, the reaper's work is done,
The flowers are withered and the birds are gone;
Still Spring is ours, e'en mid the tempest's strife,
For *sympathy* is *sunshine*, *love* is *life*.

We come to-night to tell you if we may
What we have learned since our last festive day:
No tones of eloquence, we strive to reach,
But simple strains of music and of speech.

We ask you then to lend a listening ear
And overlook all faults that may appear.
May Heaven's benediction on us fall—
God bless our orphan-band, and bless you all.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN FOR A SABBATH SCHOOL.

Spared once more to meet together
On this annual festive day,
Let us come with hearts of gladness
And a thankful lay.

While the earth is crowned with beauty,—
Treading on bright Autumn leaves,—
We will haste from vale and hillside,
Bringing in our sheaves.

Through the year that's past we've labored
For the needy as we could;
And have learned we're ne'er so happy
As when doing good.

Thankfully we bring our offering
Treasured from our humble store,
Gladly send it on its mission,
Wishing it were more.

Mindful of the greater blessing
Our dear Saviour's love has given—
Teachers and the blessed Bible
Pointing us to Heaven.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Written for the Rev. E. P. H. during a season of religious interest,—the same which suggested the hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth."

INVITATION.

Oh happy day, blest day of grace!
When Jesus shows His smiling face,
And bids the weary wanderer come
And find in Him sweet rest, a home.
The Cross, uplifted, draws us near,
The Spirit whispers words of cheer,
And waits repenting souls to bless
In this glad day, this day of grace!

Then hasten all who feel your need,
From sin's dread burden to be freed;
To Calvary's Victim look and live,
He only can salvation give.

Long have you pleasure sought in vain,
And found but weariness and pain;
Oh come, your sinful steps retrace,
Improve this blessed day of grace.

Now listen to the Gospel's sound,
Seek Jesus while He may be found;
In Him the Father, reconciled,
Will own and bless you as His child.
Oh, will you longer slight His love,
And grieve away the Heavenly Dove?
Refuse the Saviour to embrace,
And perish in this day of grace?

Forbid it Lord! Thy power display
And draw these lingering souls to-day;
Convince of sin, Thy grace impart
To cleanse and sanctify the heart.
May many hear Thy gracious voice,
And in Thy pardoning love rejoice,
Who in eternity shall praise
Thee for this blessed day of grace.

PRAISE AND CONSECRATION.

Come ye children, sweetly sing
Praises to your Saviour King.
Hearts and voices gladly bring
To praise His name.

Jesus is the children's Friend,
Loving, faithful to the end.
Richest gifts from Him descend—
Joy and peace.

Once from Heaven to earth He came,
Suffered pain, contempt and blame,
Died upon a Cross of shame
Crowned with thorns.

'Twas our sinful souls to save,
Thus His precious life He gave;
Ransomed now from sin's dark grave,
We may sing.

Blessed Jesus, loving, kind,
Thee we'd early seek and find,
And our souls in cov'nant bind
Thine to be.

For our sins we deeply grieve,
But Thy promise we believe—
"Him that cometh I receive,"
Lord we come.

REJOICING IN JESUS.

I have found a precious Saviour,
He has washed my sins away;
Now rejoicing in His favor,
I am happy all the day.

Sweetest joy my heart is swelling—
Joy the world can never give—
While in simple strains I'm telling
How He made my spirit live.

Lost in sin I wandered weary,
Far from Jesus, far from Home,
Till He came in love to cheer me,
Gently calling "Wanderer, come."

Pardon full and free He offered,
Showed His bleeding hands and side;
Told me how for me He suffered,
For my sin was crucified.

Then my heart with thanks o'erflowing
Yielded to His gracious call—
At His feet in sorrow bowing,
Gave to Him my life, my all.

Now I'm His, yes His forever!
Safe within His peaceful Fold.
Jesus' lambs can perish never,
Love like His can ne'er grow cold.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

Tune—"Speaking for Jesus." (I want to be an Angel.)

We all must work for Jesus,
Who died our souls to save,
Who by His blood redeems us
From sin's eternal grave.
Bought with a price so precious,
A debt we ne'er can pay,
Shall we with buried talents,
Stand idle all the day?

No, we must work for Jesus,
With thankful, loving hearts;
Though hard the toil, He aids us,
And needful grace imparts.
His cause is ours, and gives us
A work for every one;
The oldest and the youngest
May help its glory on.

We all must work for Jesus,
 Oh! list His earnest call,
“Go forth into My vineyard
 And labor one and all.
The field is wide, the harvest
 White with the ripening grain,
But waits the faithful reaper,
 Who shall not toil in vain.”

Then let us work for Jesus,
 Nor think of resting here,
Though ofttimes weak and weary,
 Toil on, with faith and prayer.
Work for the poor and friendless,
 The sad, the erring one,
And at the last with joy we'll hear
 Our Saviour say, “Well done!”

“I'LL WATCH FOR YOU ALL.”

(*The dying words of a little Christian boy.*)

“Don't grieve for me, dear mother,
 Let not a tear fall,
Dear father, sister, brother,
 I'll watch for you all.

“To a better home I'm hastening;
 There at the pearly gate,
Mid pleasures everlasting,
 Most lovingly I'll wait,
Till through the open portal
 You one by one shall come,
To share in joys immortal
 In our eternal Home.

“I'm not afraid, dear mother,
 To tread the valley dim;
Jesus, my elder brother,
 Will keep me close to Him.

I've sought His grace and favor,
He heard my early vow,
And I am sure my Saviour
Will not desert me now.

"I see the angels coming!
They're coming now for me—
I hear their voices humming
Sweet strains of melody.
Farewell! they're coming nearer—
Yes take me, take me home.
Dear loved ones, never dearer,
Farewell—Jesus, I come!"

"Don't grieve for me, dear mother,
Let not a tear fall,
Dear father, sister, brother,
I'll watch for you all."

THE INVALID'S COMFORT.

(Dedicated to *Chloe Lankton.*)

How wondrous, Lord, how deep, how high
Must be Thy love to me!
Since whom Thou lovest best is sure
Most chast'ning here to see.

From youth to age my life has been
A painful mystery:
The joys that others hold so dear
Thou hast denied to me.

From morn till night, from night to morn,
Helpless, alone I lie;
In hopeless suff'r'ing count the hours,
And see the years go by.

One after one, my heart's best friends
Have vanished from my sight,
Until Thy presence only, Lord,
Is left to make earth bright.

My mortal vision cannot read
This lifelong mystery;
But when Heaven's sunlight dawns I shall
Its hidden meaning see.

Doubtless Thou art *my Father*, though
To all the world unknown;
Thine ear attends my softest sigh,
And hears my faintest moan.

In the night watches oft I wake
While all around me sleep;
Then oh, how sweet to know Thine eye
A loving guard doth keep.

Thou art my Father! precious thought!
My Saviour, Helper, Friend!
And having loved Thine own thus far,
Wilt love me to the end.

The end! oh why so long delayed—
The end of pain and strife?
When will Thine angels come, dear Lord,
To bring me unto life?

These weary, waiting days of pain
Can scarce existence give;
But when immortal strength is mine,
I shall begin to live.

O blissful hour! when loosed these bonds
Of long infirmity,
I shall in Christ's own likeness walk
To all eternity!

MISCELLANEOUS

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

"*Kane's Arctic Explorations.*" Vol. 1, p. 445.

'Twas Christmas morn, but no sun's ray
Dawned with its gladsome light;
For while in Summer lands 'twas day,
Here it was dismal night—
A night whose banner long unfurled
Wrapped in its sombre folds this Arctic world.

The stars their gentle radiance gave,
The moon its pallid beams,
To sparkle o'er the frosted wave
With cheering silver gleams;
While Alps on Alps of crystal cliffs,
Like jeweled sentinels, their heads uplift.

The scene was fairy-like and grand—
But ah! too strangely still;
Too cold to lure the mystic band
From flowery vale and hill.
For here the Ice King holds his sway,
And spirits weird his tyrant will obey.

A worn, dismantled vessel lay
Upon the frozen strand—
The drear abode by night and day
Of a heroic band
Self-exiled from their homes to save
A long-lost wanderer from an icy grave.

No holly branch, no ivy wreath
Adorns their dreary cell,
No ruddy fires with kindly breath
Of homelike comforts tell;
No joyous "Merry Christmas" chime
Recalls the well-remembered olden time.

No dainty viands grace their board,
No happy voices greet;
With joy to share their scanty hoard
No circling loved ones meet—
Mid stillness, solitude and dearth
They hail the day that brought good news to earth.

But oh! the power of human will
To conquer human care—
The mind immortal rises still
Buoyant amid despair—
Nor cold, nor want, nor darkness drear
Can make these dauntless spirits yield to fear.

In merriment and pleasant jest
They pass the festal day;
While tender thoughts filled every breast
Of home scenes far away;
Where loving hearts their absence mourn,
And prayers for their return are heavenward borne.

We welcome back from Polar snows
These brave, heroic men,
To friendship sweet, to Christian joys
And social life again.
Now gathered in home circles dear
May they enjoy the "Merry Christmas" cheer.

Give to the Hero of the North
A niche in Glory's fane;
Let poets celebrate the worth
Of our own noble Kane!
And history record his name
Crowned with undying wreaths of Fame.

"LOST CHILD."

"Lost! lost! lost!"

List to the bellman's chime;

As it thrills on the ear with a startling sound,

Just at the evening time.

"A little fair-haired child,

And only four years old,"

Has wandered afar in its childish glee,

Away from the parent fold.

Who can the anguish tell,

The mingled hope and fear,

As the mother waits in the desolate home

Her darling's voice to hear?

Sad, sad, sad,

The sound of the bellman's chime,

As it rings through the busy, crowded street

Just at the evening time.

But sadder, sadder still

The cry of deeper woe

Which comes from so many childish hearts

That no earthly comfort know.

'Tis heard in the crowded street,

Mid the city's strife and din,

Where little ones wander with weary feet,

Lost in the ways of sin;

Lost to the voice of love,

To virtue's lessons dear;

Lost to the hope of a home above,

Shadowed by want and fear.

Joy! joy! joy!

That *some* of the lost are found

And gathered in homes where love's sweet spell

Their hapless lives surround.

But oh, for the many more

Who stumble in darkness still,

Whose "daily bread" is the pitiful crust
Of charity's fitful will.
Jesus, whose pitying eyes
These wandering lambs behold,
Oh gather them all in their childhood's day
Into Thine own sweet fold.

TO THE KATYDID.

Where are you, little Katydid?
I hear your funny song:
So safe among the bushes hid,
Do you sing all night long?

I wonder if you're never tired
Of chirping nothing new.
If I were you, I'd try for once
To change a note or two.

They say you are a prophet-bird;
Your voice must not be lost,
Since your first note foretells the fact,
In six weeks we'll have frost.

But, Katy, it does seem to me
You rather loudly sing;
You surely make too great a noise
For such a little thing:

For don't you know big people say,
And we must mind their word,
That young folks should, like you and me,
Be seen, not often heard?

Now "Katy did," then "Katy didn't"—
'Tis very sad to see
That children of one family
Will sometimes disagree.

Don't quarrel, Katy; try to sing
A little gentler song,
For mother tells me, Katy, dear,
To contradict is wrong.

But then I don't suppose you mean
To be unkind a bit;
I know you're never rude or cross,
It only sounds like it.

God made you, Katy, thus to sing,
He knows the reason why;
The little while He lets you live,
You work, then humbly die.

So ought I to fulfill my part,
What I am made to do;
Through all the life God gives me, be
An earnest worker too.

"FORT SUMTER."

Ring loud the merry bells, let pealing cannon
Sound o'er Columbia's land from sea to sea!
Fling out the Stars and Stripes, our glorious banner,
With a united shout of victory!

Sumter is ours! our flag again is waving
In triumph o'er its battered battlements,
The *very* flag which traitors, madly scorning,
Sought to deface with treason's shameful rents.

Through years of direful strife and bitter mourning,
Since Sumter's hero pined within its gate,
The nation's heart has throbbed with restless yearning,
Insulted honor *here* to vindicate.

To-day, as patriot hearts are met recalling,
With grateful memories, our country's sire,
The joyful news from East to West is flashing,
The nation's faith and courage to inspire.

With Sumter's fall, we trust we see the dawning
Of brighter skies o'er our beclouded land—
When States cemented, brotherhood reclaiming,
In Peace and Freedom shall united stand.

Then let the shout of victory ascending
Shake the wide vault of heaven with its might!
While with our joy, deep notes of praise are blending
To Him who nerved the heart and led the fight.

Praise to our fathers' God—the Just and Righteous!
Whose arm omnipotent has been our stay
Through conflicts stern, amid doubt's dreary shadows,
Praise undivided be to Him alway!

February 22, 1865.

EULOGY ON A TURKEY.

*Slain for the Soldiers' Thanksgiving Dinner,
November 24, 1864.*

High honor rests upon thy senseless head,
Thou poor unfeathered fowl!
No common cause has laid thee with the dead
And hushed thy dismal howl.

Slain for thy country! Classic page has said
'Tis pleasant thus to die.
Few of thy kind have e'er so nobly bled
For Truth and Liberty!

Couldst thou have understood the mighty cause
That brought thee to thy death,
Meekly wouldest thou have crossed thy struggling claws
And yielded up thy breath.

Thy well-fed form, fresh from the corn-stocked farm
Shall yield meat rich and tender
To feed the wasted strength and nerve the arm
Of some brave home-defender.

Our Soldier boys! long have they nobly fought
That *Right* might be the winner.
And well do they deserve, with loving thought,
A good Thanksgiving dinner.

Our Nation's hope and pride, God bless them all!
In Hospital or trenches.
Give them that courage true, whate'er befall,
Nor pain nor danger quenches.

Yes, senseless brute, a glorious death is thine!
A nobler destiny
Than many a man's who claims a soul divine,
Yet dies in infamy.

Let traitor-cowards meanly "bite the dust,"—
Scorning fair Glory's charter—
But let me nobly fall, if fall I must,
Like thee a blessed martyr!

TO THE WILD CARROT.

(*Queen Anne's Lace.*)

They call you only a *worthless weed*,
And grudge you a place to grow—
They plough up the meadow with cruel greed,
And ruthlessly lay you low.

Such beauty as yours is far too rare
For common eyes to see;
For search through the gardens everywhere,
Your equal can scarcely be.

"Tis only the souls with cultured sight
That own your delicate grace,
And freely accord your royal right
To the name "*Queen Anne's Lace.*"

So in many a lowly human flower
God's hidden graces wait
The touch of Love to reveal its dower
And lift to its kingly state.

“DON’T WORRY!”

Written for a “Don’t Worry” Club.

A new Philosophy of late
Is stirring thought and wide debate;
With what result, we wait to see.
This is the wise philosophy—
Whatever comes from morn till night
Of disappointment, pain or fright,
“Don’t Worry.”

What if your best laid schemes go wrong—
The end you’ve striven for so long
Eludes your grasp—the hope so bright
Sinks into deepest, darkest night—
Or pain and weakness rack your frame
Till Life’s a sigh—yet all the same
“Don’t Worry.”

Women by household cares perplexed,
By daily failures, daily vexed—
The dinner’s spoiled—the cook don’t care—
The children fret, and guests are there.
Unfinished tasks pile mountain high
Till courage fails, despair is nigh—
“Don’t Worry.”

And, brother man, when stocks go down
Or *rise* and you are not in town—
A moment late—the train is lost,
Which may for you some thousands cost;
Or sudden flame or flood destroy
The gain of years, your manhood’s joy,
“Don’t Worry.”

“What can’t be cured must be endured”—
By trial man becomes inured—
This Life’s a battle, at the best;
We stand or fall, fight on or rest.
A cycle hence ’twill matter not
If gain or loss is here our lot,
“Don’t Worry.”

Ah! 'tis an easy thing to *preach*—
But human nature's hard to teach.
The sting is there beneath the smile,
And aching hearts will groan erewhile.
Ah! stolid must that being be
Who through a *mere philosophy*,
“Don't Worry.”

Not reason, but a simple trust
In the All-Father, loving, just;—
Who for His children cares, and knows
Their need, so good or ill bestows,—
Will lift the soul to heights serene,
Where Faith can calmly view the scene
Of earthly wrecks—while in the ear
A voice divine is whispering clear
“Don't Worry.”

FOR A MAY DAY CELEBRATION.

Opening Piece.

Dear friends, we gather here to-day
To crown with blossoms rarest
One we have chosen Queen of May—
Our gentlest and our fairest.

No grand cathedral's mystic walls
Cast shadows dim before us; .
Our Minster is fair Nature's halls,
With Heaven's blue arches o'er us.

No glittering diadem is ours
Our youthful Queen to offer,
Only a chaplet of fresh flowers
Woven by hearts that love her.

Our sceptre is no jeweled staff—
Symbol of kingly power—
Plucked from the wood where sunbeams laugh,
'Tis gemmed with many a flower.

Emblem of her whose gentle sway
Knows only love's emotion—
Then come and crown our Queen of May,
And yield your heart's devotion.

"THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR."

[At the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492, the Moorish prince Abdallah was banished from the kingdom, and with the royal family passed out of the city as the conquerors were taking possession of it. Reaching a rocky eminence he paused and cast a backward glance over the land of his pride and glory, when his grief overcame his courage and he burst into tears. The scene of this event is still pointed out to the tourist by the people of the district, and the rocky height from which the conquered chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his ancestors is commemorated by the poetical name of "*El Ultimo Sospiro del Moro.*"—Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, Vol. II., p. 99.]

'Twas the hour of sunset and Day's parting ray
Lingered faintly but fondly o'er mountain and bay;
The clouds gathered darkly in Heaven's blue dome,
And shadows fell fast on the Saracen's home.
The star of Mahomet which so proudly had shone
In radiant glory, undimmed and alone,
Was setting in darkness no more to arise
On the land of Granada to gladden her skies.

The Christian in triumph his standard unfurled,
And with shouts of delight from each minaret hurled
The Moslem's loved crescent to glisten no more
In the sunlight of Spain as for ages before.
The silver cross gleams from Alhambra's high tower,
The grateful "Te Deum" is chanted with power;
The victors rejoice in their coveted prize,
And glad Alleluias ascend to the skies.

And now from the city a sorrowful band
Of exiles go forth from their dearly loved land;
And silently seek for some desolate spot
Where unseen they may weep o'er their unhappy lot.
They pause at the top of a far rocky height
And turn with hearts bursting to take a last sight
Of Granada's fair palace, their ancestor's throne,
Her temples and mosques, now no longer their own.

Overcome with sad thoughts the proud Chieftain is
bowed,
And weeping, gives vent to his sorrow aloud;
"O beautiful city! in glory renowned,
For centuries past with magnificence crowned!
O how art thou fallen! Thy sons all in vain
Have striven to save thee—our fathers' domain—
But the Christian has conquered—'twas Allah's decree—
We bow to his will, while we sorrow for thee.

"No more through thy halls shall resound the glad song,
No more shall thy streets to our children belong;
No more the Muezzin shall call us to prayer,
But music, unsanctified, ever be there.
E'en now in the twilight we see the vile cross
Rise proudly in triumph to mock at our loss;
And borne on the breeze the faint chime of the bells
To the listening ear of our misery tells.

"O son of Mahomet! have woes like to thine
E'er fallen on mortals from destiny's shrine?
Oh dark is the future, poor exiles we roam,
And the fate of the captive may yet be our doom.
Farewell loved Granada! no more the brave Moor
In the mosque of his fathers shall Allah adore.
But where'er he may wander thy name shall be dear
And sacredly cherished till Death shall appear.

"Oh fondly we hoped when life's struggle was past—
Its conflicts and victories won to the last—
That thy hallowed soil, where we first drew our breath,
Might cover our ashes when silent in death.

But alas! the vain hope now in darkness expires;
Far, far from this spot, from the graves of our sires,
From the home of our childhood and all we love best,
Broken-hearted and weary we'll lie down to rest."

The shadows of evening were deepening apace,
And silence reigned over that desolate place.
The stars one by one from their ocean of blue
In sympathy twinkled their parting adieu.
While faintly was heard the Chieftain's low tone,
The pitying wind answering back with a moan;
The hill-tops around caught the sound to endure
And echo for aye, the last Sigh of the Moor.

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